

In the Press, and speedily will be published,

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES,

AS SET TO MUSIC,

BY

GEO. FRED. HANDEL.

PART II.

CONTAINING,

Oratorios, Odes, &c.

ACIS AND GALETEA,
ALCIDES,
ALEXANDER BALUS,
ALEXANDER'S FEAST,
CHOICE OF HERCULES,
HERCULES,
L'ALLEGRO, IL PENSOROSO,
ODE ON CECILIA'S-DAY,
SEMELA,
THEODORA,
TRIUMPH OF TIME AND TRUTH.

Te Deums and Anthems.

THE DETTINGEN TE DEUM,
GRAND DITTO.
AND FOUR OTHERS,
A GRAND JUBILATE,
THREE CORONATION ANTHEMS
ODE ON THE BIRTH OF Q. ANN,
ANTHEM ON THE VICTORY OF
DETTINGEN,
ANTHEM FOR THE WEDDING OF
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AND THIRTEEN OTHERS.

WITH

THE LIFE OF HANDEL,

AND

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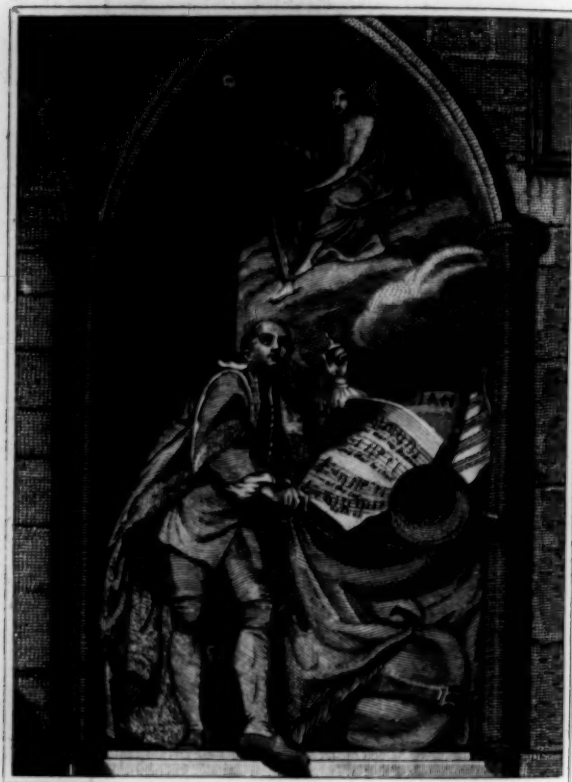
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ANTHEMS
Q. ANN,
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Kneller sc.

Handel's Monument.

London: Published March 5th 1799. by T. Hoptonstall N^o 304 Holborn.

MIS

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DIFFERENT MUSIC SHOPS.

1799.



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VOL.

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

ACIS AND GALATEA:

A SERENATA.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

GALATEA,
DAMON,
ACIS,

CORYDON,
AND
POLYPHEME.

PART THE FIRST.

CHORUS.

O The pleasure of the plains!
Happy nymphs, and happy swains!
Harmless, merry, free and gay,
Dance and sport the hours away.
For us the zephyr blows,
For us distils the dew,
For us unfolds the rose,
And flow'rs display their hue.

ACIS AND GALATEA.

For us the winter's rain,
 For us the summer's shine,
 Spring swells for us the grain,
 And autumn bleeds the vine.

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.—GALATEA.

Ye verdant plains, and woody mountains,
 Purling streams, and bubbling fountains,
 Ye painted glories of the field,
 Vain are the pleasures which ye yield.
 Too thin the shadow of the grove,
 Too faint the gales to cool my love.

AIR.

Hush, ye pretty warbling choir;
 Your thrilling strains
 Awake my pains,
 And kindle fierce desire.
 Cease your song, and take your flight,
 Bring back my Acis to my sight.

AIR.—ACIS.

Where shall I seek the charming fair?
 Direct the way, kind genius of the mountains;
 O tell me if you saw my dear,
 Seeks she the groves, or bathes in crystal fountains?

RECITATIVE.—DAMON.

Stay, shepherd, stay,
 See how thy flocks in yonder valley stray;
 What means this melancholy air?
 No more thy tuneful pipe we hear.

AIR.

Shepherd! what art thou pursuing?
 Heedless running to thy ruin,

ACIS AND GALATEA.

3

Share our joy, our pleasure share :
Leave thy passion till to-morrow,
Let the day be free from sorrow,
Free from love, and free from care.

RECITATIVE.—ACIS.

Lo! here my love!

Turn, Galatea, hither turn thine eyes,
See at thy feet the longing Acis lies.

AIR.

Love in her eyes sits playing,
And sheds delicious death ;
Love on her lips is straying,
And warbling in her breath.
Love on her breast sits panting,
And swells with soft desire ;
No grace, no charm is wanting,
To set the heart on fire.

RECITATIVE.—GALATEA.

O didst thou know the pains of absent love,
Acis would ne'er from Galatea rove.

AIR.

As when the dove,
Laments her love,
All on the naked spray ;
When he returns,
No more she mourns,
But loves the live-long day,
Billing, cooing,
Panting, wooing,
Melting murmurs fill the grove,
Melting murmurs, lasting love.

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DUET AND CHORUS.—ACIS AND GALATEA.

Happy we ;

What joys I feel ! What charms I see !

Of all the youths, thou dearest boy !

Of all the nymphs, thou brightest fair !

Thou all my bliss, thou all my joy !

PART THE SECOND.

CHORUS.

WRETCHED lovers ! fate has past
 This sad decree : No joy shall last :
 Wretched lovers, quit your dream,
 Behold the monster Polypheme !
 See what ample strides he takes,
 The mountain nods, the forest shakes,
 The waves run frighten'd to the shores,
 Hark ! how the thund'ring giant roars.

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.—POLYPHEME.

I rage, I melt, I burn,

The feeble God has stabb'd me to the heart,

Thou trusty pine !

Prop of my godlike steps !—I lay thee by.

Bring me an hundred reeds, of decent growth,

To make a pipe for my capacious mouth,

In soft enchanting accents let me breathe,
Sweet Galatea's beauty, and my love.

AIR.

O ruddier than the cherry!
O sweeter than the berry!
O nymph, more bright
Than moon-shine night,
Like kiddings blythe and merry!
Ripe as the melting cluster!
No lily has such lustre,
Yet hard to tame,
As raging flame,
And fierce as storms that bluster!

RECITATIVE.—POLYPHEME.

Whither, fairest, art thou running,
Still my warm embraces shunning?

GAL. The lion calls not to his prey,
Nor bids the wolf the lambkin stay.

POLYPH. Thee, Polyphemus, great as Jove,
Calls to empire and to love;
To his palace in the rock,
To his dairy, to his flock,
To the grape of purple hue,
To the plumb of glossy blue,
Wildings which expecting stand,
Proud to be gather'd by thy hand.

GAL. Of infant limbs to make my food,
And swill full draughts of human blood!

Go, monster! bid some other guest,
I loath the host, I loth the feast.

ACIS AND GALATEA.

AIR.—POLYPHEMUS.

Cease to beauty to be suing,
 Ever whining love disdaining;
 Let the brave their aims pursuing,
 Still be conqu'ring, not complaining.

AIR.—DAMON.

Would you gain the tender creature?
 Softly, gently, kindly, treat her,
 Suff'ring is the lover's part;
 Beauty by constraint possessing,
 You enjoy but half the blessing,
 Lifeless charms without the heart.

RECITATIVE.—ACIS.

His hideous love provokes my rage,
 Weak as I am, I must engage.
 Inspir'd by thy victorious charms,
 The God of Love will lend his arms.

AIR.

Love sounds the alarm, and fear is a flying,
 When beauty's the prize, what mortal fears dying?
 In defence of my treasure
 I'd bleed at each vein.
 Without her no pleasure,
 For life is a pain.

AIR.—DAMON.

Consider, fond shepherd, how fleeting's the pleasure,
 That flatters our hope in pursuit of the fair;
 The joys that attend it by moments we measure,
 But life is too little to measure our care.

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ACIS AND GALATEA.

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RECITATIVE.—GALATEA.

Cease, O cease, thou gentle youth !
Trust my constancy and truth ;
Trust my truth, and powers above,
The pow'rs propitious still to love.

TRIO.

ACIS. The flocks shall leave the mountains,
The woods the turtle dove,

GAL. The nymphs forsake the fountains,
Ere I forsake my love.

POL. Torture ! fury ! rage ! despair !
I cannot, cannot bear.

ACIS. Not show'rs to larks so pleasing,
Nor sunshine to the bee,

GAL. Not sleep to toil so easing,
As those dear smiles to me.

POL. Fly swift, thou massy ruin, fly !
Die, presumptuous Acis ! die !

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.—ACIS.

Help, Galatea ! help, ye parent-gods,
And take me dying to your deep abodes.

CHORUS.

Mourn, all ye muses, weep, ye swains,
Tune, tune your reeds to doleful strains,
Groans, cries, and howlings, fill the neighb'ring
shore,

Ah ! the gentle Acis is no more.

AIR AND CHORUS.—GALATEA.

Must I my Acis still bemoan,
Inglorious, crush'd beneath that stone.

Cease, Galatea, cease to grieve,
Bewail not when thou canst relieve.

GAL. Must the lovely charming youth,
Die for his constancy and truth?
Call forth thy pow'r, employ thy art,
The goddess soon can heal the smart;
Say, what comfort can you find,
For dark despair o'erclouds my mind?
To kindred gods, the youth return,
Through verdant plains to roll his urn.

RECITATIVE.—GALATEA.

'Tis done; thus I exert my pow'r divine,
Be thou immortal, though thou art not mine.

AIR.—GALATEA.

Heart, thou seat of soft delight,
Be thou now a fountain bright:
Purple be no more thy blood,
Glide thou like a chrystal flood.
Rock, thy hollow womb disclose;
The bubbling fountain, lo! it flows.
Through the plains he joys to rove,
Murm'ring still his gentle love.

CHORUS.

Galatea, dry thy tears,
Acis now a god appears;
See how he rears him from his bed,
See the wreath that binds his head.
Hail, thou gentle murm'ring stream,
Shepherd's pleasure, muse's theme,
Through the plain still joy to rove,
Murm'ring still thy gentle love.

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ALCIDES.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ALCIDES,
APOLLO,
CHARON,

ADMETUS,
CALLIOPE,
ATTENDANT.

OVERTURE.

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.—APOLLO.

YE happy people, with loud accents speak
Your grateful joy in hymenæan verse;
Admetus and Alceste claim the song.

CHORUS.

Triumph Hymen in the pair,
Thus united,
Thus delighted,
Brave the one, the other fair.

AIR AND CHORUS.

Still caressing and caress'd,
Ever blessing, ever bless'd,
Live the royal happy pair;
This is valour thy reward,
This, O beauty, thy regard,
Kind heav'n pays the virtuous pair.

ALCIDES.

AIR.—APOLLO.

Ye swift minutes as ye fly,
Crown them with harmonious joy;
Let soft quiet, peace, and love,
Still each happier hour improve.
While as day each day succeeds,
Lovely and heroic deeds,
In fair virtue's path alone,
Add a lustre to the throne.

CHORUS.

O bless, ye pow'rs above,
The bridegroom and the bride,
Whose willing hands hath Hymen ty'd,
In love's eternal band.
Ye little gods of love,
With roses strew the ground;
And all around in sportive play,
Proclaim the happy day.

AIR.—CALLIOPE.

Gentle Morpheus, son of night,
Hither speed thy airy flight,
And his weary senses steep
In the balmy dew of sleep;
That when bright Aurora's beams,
Glad the world with golden streams,
He like Phœbus, blithe and gay,
May retaste the healthful day.
[*Act the Fourth, Scene the River Styx.*]
CHA. Ye fleeting shades, I come
To fix your final doom;

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Step in, both bad and good,
 And tilt o'er the flood:
 To Pluto's dreary shore,
 I'll waft you safely o'er,
 With this my ebon pole,
 Tho' high the waters roll.
 The monarch and the slave,
 Alike admission have,
 Nor can I brook delay;
 Haste, haste ye, shades away.

CHORUS.

Thrice happy who in life excel,
 Hence doom'd in Pluto's courts to dwell,
 Where ye immortal mortals reign,
 Now free from sorrow, free from pain.

AIR.—APOLLO.

Enjoy the sweet Elysian grove,
 Seat of pleasure, seat of love;
 Pleasure that can never cloy,
 Love the source of endless joy.
 Thus, thou unpolluted shade,
 Be thy royal virtues paid.

AIR.

[CALLIOPE *sings to* AMETUS.]

Come, fancy, empress of the brain,
 And bring the choicest of thy train,
 And sooth the widow'd monarch's pain:
 Close by his side in mimic pride,
 Let fair Alceste still display her charms,
 As on the bridal day.

[*Symphony before and during the entry of* ALCIDES.]

RECITATIVE.—ATTENDANT.

He comes, he rises from below,
With glorious conquest on his brow.

CHORUS.

All hail, thou mighty son of Jove,
How great thy pow'r, how great thy love:
Friends, furies, gods, all yield to thee,
And death hath set his captive free.

RECITATIVE.—APOLLO.

From high Olympus top, the seat of God,
Decend Apollo and his tuneful choir,
With all their sportive train, to celebrate
Thy great and gen'rous triumph, son of Jove,
And hail Admetus with his happy bride;
Sing ye, ye shepherds sing, and tread the ground
In mazy dances, and let shouts of joy
Return in echo from the vaulted sky.

AIR.—APOLLO.

Tune your harps, all ye nine,
To the loud sounding lays,
While the glad nations join
In the great victor's praise.
Sing his praise, sing his pow'r,
That in this joyful hour,
— Blest our monarch's arms,
With the fair in all her charms.

CHORUS.

Triumph, thou son of Jove,
Triumph, happy pair in love;
Valour's prize, virtue's claim,
Endless love, eternal fame.

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ALEXANDER BALUS:

AN ORATORIO.

PART THE FIRST.

CHORUS.

FLUSH'D with conquest, fir'd by Mithra,
Fountain of eternal rays;
Sing we to *Balus*, sing we to Mithra,
Songs of triumph, songs of praise.

RECITATIVE.—ALEXANDER.

Thus far, ye glorious partners of the war,
The pow'r on high hath prosper'd our designs.
Demetrius is fall'n, and Syria bows
To me her lords; with universal joy
I will repay them with those royal virtues—
Justice and clemency.

JONATHAN. Most noble king, the sons of Israel,
Not less of peace desirous, than alert
And brave in war, whene'er their country calls,
Congratulate this your success, and gifts,

Yet more than gifts, their hands and hearts they
offer

In firm league, as late accepted by imperial Rome.

ALEX. Thy boon is granted, be it wrote on brass,
That Jonathan is Alexander's friend,
The hearts of brothers govern in our *loves*,
And sway our great resolves; confirm it heav'n.

AIR.—JONATHAN.

Great Author of this harmony,
Who rulest in heav'n above,
O bind this league of amity,
With chains of lasting love.

[*Flourish of Trumpets.*]

RECITATIVE.—PTOLEMY.

And thus let happy Egypt's king,
Speak his affection with the trumpet's sound,
That the surrounding nations all may know
Balus commands the pow'rs of Ptolemy,
Or to secure or to adorn his throne.

AIR.—PTOLEMY.

Thrice happy the monarch, whom nations contend
With counsels to guide, and with arms to defend,
Secure stands the throne that on concord relies,
As by concord preserv'd are the earth and the skies.

RECITATIVE.—CLEOPATRA.

Congratulation to our father's friend,
Amidst this general joy directs our part.
But, how shall Cleopatra entertain
The royal ear, unless Apollo's self
Deigns to tune to his own harp my song?

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AIR.—CLEOPATRA.

Hark! he strikes the golden lyre,
And tells it to his joyful choir,
His Alexander reigns;
Ye docile echoes catch the sound,
And spread the blessing all around
In sweet harmonious strains.

RECITATIVE.—ALEXANDER.

Be it my chief ambition there to rise,
Where for these obligations, true desert
May speak me grateful.

AIR.—ALEXANDER.

Fair Virtue shall charm me,
And Honour shall warm me,
This love to repay;
While streams flow from fountains,
And flocks on the mountains,
Or vallies, shall stray.

CHORUS OF ASIATICS.

Ye happy nations round,
In loud triumph your voices raise;
In choral symphony resound
Great Alexander's praise.

AIR.—ALEXANDER.

My Jonathan,
Didst thou mark well her graces? Didst thou feel
The music of her eye? To me it seem'd
More soft and sweet than her melodious voice;
Beauty's a pleasing tyranny, my friend,
Which taught at the reluctance of the will,
And humbles to her lure the hearts of kings,

ALEXANDER BALUS.

AIR.—CLEOPATRA.

Oh! what resistless charms are giv'n
To symmetry of feature;
It seems the model of all heav'n,
And triumph of all nature.

AIR.—CLEOPATRA.

Subtle love with fancy viewing,
Rapt'rous joys on joys ensuing,
Plays around my captive heart;
Cautious reason fain would ease me,
But all efforts to release me,
Only deeper fix the dart.

RECITATIVE CLEOPATRA.

Aspasia, I know not what to call
This interview. Grant, O ye pow'rs, it prove
A happy one, but I am sick with doubt.
Mark'd you the king, Aspasia, look'd he not
A king indeed; while on his radiant brow,
Deck'd with the rosy rays of youth, love seem'd
To sit enthron'd and full of majesty?

AIR.—CLEOPATRA.

How happy shou'd we mortals prove,
How joyous spend the live-long day,
If silent merit gain'd the love
That crafty courtship steals away?

RECITATIVE — ASPASIA.

Check not the pleasing accents of thy tongue,
Nor be asham'd, fair princess, to declare
A passion for the brave, 'tis a reward,
Besides the honour of the well-fought field,
They justly claim; none else deserve the fair.

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AIR.—ASPASIA.

So shall the sweet attractive smile,
 Winning graces,
 Soft embraces,
 Ever crown the soldier's toil;
 When he awhile forgets the noise,
 Of loud alarms,
 And clashing arms,
 To triumph in connubial joys.

RECITATIVE.—CLEOPATRA.

How blissful state!

ASP. That blissful state be yours.

CLEOP. When neither tyrant custom rules the
 choice,

ASP. Nor fickle flights of fancy guide the will;

CLEOP. But equal love, on equal merit form'd,
 With pure affection feeds the constant flame.

DUET.

CLEOP. O! what pleasures past expressing,

Flow from pure and constant love;

All is joy, and all is blessing,

Which the circling hours improve!

RECITATIVE.—JONATHAN.

Why hangs this heavy gloom upon the brow
 Of Syria's monarch, while his big heart heaves

With sudden passion? hath the royal maid,

Worthy indeed of Alexander's love,

Enslav'd the mighty conqueror? Know thyself,

'Tis thine to ask, and Ptolemy's to grant.

ALE. Aye, be it so, with speed, my friends, dispatch
 The message, rich with gifts worthy a king.

AIR.—ALEXANDER.

Hero's may boast their mighty deeds,
 And talk of conquest in high strains,
 Yet oft more pow'rful beauty leads
 The conqueror captive in chains;
 Fly swift on borrow'd wings of love,
 Ye tardy-footed minutes fly,
 And bring the sentence, to remove
 This frantic torture, live or die.

AIR.—JONATHAN.

Great God, from whom all blessings spring,
 Life, liberty, and fame,
 To thee let grateful Judah sing,
 And magnify thy name.

CHORUS.

These are thy gifts, Almighty King,
 Life, liberty, and fame, &c.

CHORUS.

To thee let grateful Judah sing,
 And magnify thy name.

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PART THE SECOND.

AIR.—ALEXANDER.

KIND Hope, thou universal friend,
 Sweet balm of all distress,
 Still, still a lover's pray'r attend,
 With fancy'd raptures of success;
 So shall my love-sick soul have ease,
 And make her voyage in smother seas.

RECITATIVE.—JONATHAN.

Long and happy live the king: thus speaks
 The messenger from Egypt. Ptolemy
 Greets thee his son, and Cleopatra, deck'd
 In all the lustre of a blooming bride,
 At Ptolomais waits the smiling hour.

ALEX. Thither let us haste, my Jonathan,
 And all the thorny cares of state apart,
 Seize the sweet hour, and revel in delight.

AIR.—ALEXANDER.

O, Mithra! with thy brightest beams,
 Shine out serene and gay;
 And pour forth all the golden streams,
 To glad our bridal day.

RECITATIVE.—A SYCOPHANT COURTIER.

Stay, my dread sovereign, and let just revenge
 Secure thy throne; a base ungrateful man,
 Covering fell purpose with the specious mask
 Of friendship, plots against thy throne, thy life;
 Loyal affection dictates this, yet more,
 It bids me say that Jonathan is he.

ALEX. 'Tis false; avaunt, before I frown thee dead.
 Bring me, my lords, the richest purple robe
 And ducal crown, much more deserves my friend,
 My brother Jonathan, and more I will exalt
 Thee, best of men, for sacred is this day
 To honour, gratitude, and love.

AIR.—ALEXANDER.

Mighty love now calls to arms,
 Hear the sound the last alarm;
 Lead, sweet Hymen, lead away,
 Let no harsh discordant sound,
 But love and joy be spread around.

RECITATIVE.—JONATHAN.

There is no greatness in mortality,
 That can tie up the gall in sland'rous tongues,
 Or 'scape the intended wounds of calumny;
 'Tis a rough brake the virtuous must go through,
 Ever in danger, and yet ever safe
 In the protection of Almighty Pow'r.

AIR.—JONATHAN.

Hateful man, thy sland'rous tongue
 Throws in vain the poison'd dart;
 Know, that 'twill recoil ere long,
 Doom'd to stab the traitor's heart.

CHORUS.

O, Calumny! on Virtue waiting,
 Shadow like, yet Virtue hating,
 Fly these upper regions, fly,
 Native of the shades below,
 Go, with all thy base designing,
 All thy forging, feigning, coining,
 And in darkness ever lie.

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RECITATIVE.—CLEOPATRA.

Ah! whence these dire forebodings of the mind,
 Why droops my soul when on the verge of bliss,
 Is he not brave, successful, good, a king,
 And all that can deserve return of love?
 Yet apprehension of, I know not what,
 Hangs heavy on my soul, and checks the rising
 joy.

AIR.

Tost from thought to thought I rove,
 Joys surround me,
 Tears confound me,
 Ev'ry passion's thine, O love!
 Love, thou pleasing irksome guest,
 Wishes rising,
 Doubts surprising,
 Give thy changeful tide no rest.

RECITATIVE.—ASPASIA.

Give to the winds, fair princess, these vain doubts
 And anxious fears; nor think that they arise
 From skill prophetic in the book of fate,
 But from pure nature, that with decent strife
 Twixt hope and fear, views th' approaching scene.

AIR.

Pow'rful guardian of all nature,
 O preserve my beauteous love;
 Keep from insult the dear creature,
 Virtue sure hath charms to move.

RECITATIVE.—PTOLÆMY.

Thus far my wishes thrive with eager joy,
 Fond Alexander rushes on the toils;

Friend, brother, son, or whatever he be,
 He falls, he falls to my ambition.
 'Twas for this, I gave him Cleopatra,
 And for this, with other arts will strengthen
 Our alliance, till I can work his ruin.
 Yes, I've fawn'd, but only to devour;
 And soon will hurl this happy monarch from
 His fancied throne, to seat therein whom
 I can better rule, the young Demetrius.

AIR.

Virtue, thou ideal name,
 All thy honours I disclaim,
 Vain delight of coward minds;
 Bold Ambition knows no law,
 Active souls like mine to awe,
 Raging fierce as boist'rous winds.

RECITATIVE.—ALEXANDER.

Glad time, at length, hath reach'd the happy point,
 When long-liv'd hope in sweet possession dies.
 Mithra, I thank thee, Cleopatra's mine,
 Thou sacred power bear witness to my love,
 Warm as thy fires and pure as mid-day light.

CLEO. Let Isis ever bind my grateful heart,
 To duteous vows and more than loyal love.

DUETTO.—ALEXANDER AND CLEOPATRA.

Hail! wedded love, mysterious law,
 Hearts delighting,
 Souls uniting,
 A thousand sweets from thee we draw;
 Peace and pleasure,
 Without measure,
 From wedded love's mysterious law.

CHORUS.

Hymen, fair Urania's son,
 Show'r thy choicest blessing down,
 On the lovely royal pair;
 Let pure honour and delight,
 Crown the day and bless the night,
 As he is brave, and she is fair.

PART THE THIRD.

RECITATIVE.—CLEOPATRA.

'TIS true, instinctive nature seldom paints
 At some approaching ill in vain; but sure
 In vain were all my former doubts and fears,
 For I am happy, happy beyond thought,
 In this bright scene of ever constant joy.

AIR.

Here amid the shady woods,
 Fragrant flow'rs, and crystal floods,
 Taste, my soul, this charming seat,
 Love and Glory's calm retreat;
 Hence vain doubt, and idle fear,
 Joy and only joy dwells here.

QUARTETTO.

Mistaken Queen! the Gods have otherwise or-
 dain'd,

You must with us.

CLEO. Help! help! O Isis!

Gods and Ptolemy have otherwise ordain'd.

You must with us!

CÆO. Alexander, help!

RECITATIVE.—JONATHAN.

Treachery, O king! unheard of treachery,
Stalks through the kingdom with gigantic steps,
And glories in success. The Syrian towns
Have Ptolemy receiv'd with open gates.
As your kind friend and father, ent'ring thus,
He with Egyptian soldiers garrison'd each place,
And now at Antioch hath assum'd,
The double crown of Egypt and of Asia.

ALEX. Talk'st thou of crowns and kingdoms lost,
my friend,

We will recover them, but know'st thou ought
Of Cleopatra? Faithful Aspasia,
Where is my Queen, my Cleopatra?

ASP. Brib'd by pernicious gold, 'tis said your guards
Admitted ruffians, sent by Ptolemy,
To seize the Queen for young Demetrius.

ALEX. Horror! Confusion! Call my forces round,
To arms, my Jonathan, and let us rush
Upon the guileful foe, that he may feel
The fury of affronted majesty.

AIR.—ALEXANDER.

Fury with red sparkling eyes,
Rise, in all thy terrors rise,

All around destruction deal,
That revenge may give some ease,
Or cold death a kind release,
To the horrid pains I feel.

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RECITATIVE.—ASPASIA.

Gods! can there be a more afflicting sight;
Than such majestic greatness in distress?
How is he fall'n, from empire, love, and joy
The wretched scorn of mercenary slaves.

AIR.

Strange reverse of human fate;
Mighty joy, and mighty woe;
None are happy, none are great,
In this changeful state below.

RECITATIVE.—JONATHAN.

May he return with laurel'd victory
On his glad-brow; but, oh! I fear the gods,
The creature gods he trusteth, cannot help;
They are no gods, but mere delusion all.

AIR.

To God who made the radiant sun,
And fix'd him in his central throne,
The paler moon, and ev'ry star
That darts its beamy light from far;
To Him, Almighty, greatest, best,
Jehovah, Lord of Hosts confest,
All victory belongs;
To him alone, 'tis Judah's care,
To offer up their humble pray'r,
And tune their grateful songs.

CHORUS.

Sun, moon, and stars, and all the hosts of heav'n,
To great Jehovah be all glory given;
On his creating, his all-saving power,
Judah shall call, and only him adore.

RECITATIVE.—PTOLEMY TO CLEOPATRA.

Yes! he was false, my daughter, false to you,
 And hath conspir'd against thy father's life;
 Self-preservation, and paternal care,
 For you, my child, oblig'd me to dethrone
 This kingly counterfeit; then, think no more
 Of the lost Alexander, but receive
 A worthier hero, whom thy father wills.

CLEO. Impossible! he never could be false to me,
 or you,

So brave, so just, so good; but, oh! indulge me
 Once more with the sight, the last farewell
 Of him, to whom I'm bound by Nature's strongest
 tie—

Connubial love.

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.—PTOLEMY.

Ungrateful child! by ev'ry sacred pow'r,
 Thou never, never shalt behold him more;
 In vain you sigh, in vain you mourn,
 For soon thy rebel heart shall learn,
 With smiles to welcome our return,

AIR.

O sword, and thou all daring hand,
 Thy aid alone I crave,
 Nor other gods, nor pow'rs demand,
 To conquer or to save.

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.—CLEOPATRA.

Shall Cleopatra ever smile again?
 Oh, no! whate'er a father may command,
 He cannot change the course of heart-sore grief.

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RECITATIVE.—MESSENGER.

Ungrateful tidings to the royal ear
 I bring, O Queen! but such the will of fate;
 The valiant Jew hath vanquish'd thrice his foes,
 Whom flying to Azotus, he pursu'd,
 And destruction on their city pour'd;
 Not sparing Dagon's temple, or the god,
 And now returns in triumph; but the king, alas!
 The king, o'erpower'd by Ptolemy your father,
 And deserted by his host, sought refuge
 In Arabia, but in vain;
 For treach'rous Zabdiel, heeding not the pray'r
 That he pour'd forth in bitterness of soul,
 Not for himself, but you, his Queen, his life,
 Hath, with remorseless sword, smote off his head.

AIR.—CLEOPATRA.

O take me from this hateful light,

Torture end me,

Death befriend me,

Wrapt in shades of endless night.

RECITATIVE.—ANOTHER MESSENGER.

Forgive, O Queen! the messenger of ill.

CLEO. Say on, all strange and terrible events are
 welcome,

To one whose only comfort is despair.

MESS. From the dread scene of bloody war I
 come,

Where Ptolemy, your father, raging fierce

And fearless, ever in the foremost rank,

From many a gaping wound hath breath'd his soul.

CLEO. This is thy havock, O Ambition!

Bane of human happiness ;
 Oh ! had I ne'er been born a Queen to feel
 The dire effects that wait the fortune of
 The wretched great ; but vain is all complaint.

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.—CLEOPATRA.

Calm thou my soul,
 Kind Isis, with a noble scorn of life,
 Ideal joys, and momentary pains,
 That flatter or disturb this waking dream.

AIR.

Convey me to some peaceful shore,
 Where no tumultuous billows roar ;
 Where life, tho' joyless, still is calm,
 And sweet content is sorrow's balm ;
 There free from pomp and care to wait,
 Forgetting and forgot—the will of fate.

RECITATIVE.—JONATHAN.

Mysterious are thy ways, O Providence,
 But always true and just ; by thee kings reign,
 By thee they fall. Where now is Egypt's boast ?
 Where thine, O Syria ? Lay'd low in dust ?
 While chosen Judah triumphs in success,
 And feels the presence of Jehovah's arm ;
 Mindful of this let Israel ever fear,
 With filial rev'rence his tremendous name,
 And with obsequious heart exalt his praise.

AIR AND CHORUS.

Ye servants of th' eternal king,
 His pow'r and glory sing ;
 And speak of all his righteous ways,
 With wonder and with praise.

Amen, Hallelujah, Amen.

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ALEXANDER's FEAST.

PART THE FIRST.

RECITATIVE.

TWAS at the royal feast, for Persia won,
By Philip's warlike son :
Aloft in awful state,
The god-like hero sate
On his imperial throne :
His valiant peers were plac'd around ;
Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound :
So should desert in arms be crown'd.
The lovely Thais by his side
Sate like a blooming eastern bride,
In flow'r of youth, and beauty's pride.

AIR AND CHORUS.

Happy, happy, happy pair !
None but the brave deserve the fair.

RECITATIVE.

Timotheus plac'd on high,
Amid the tuneful quire,
With flying fingers touch'd the lyre ;
The trembling notes ascend the sky,
And heav'nly joys inspire.

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.

The song began from Jove,
 Who left his blissful seats above ;
 (Such is the pow'r of mighty love)
 A dragon's fiery form bely'd the god ;
 Sublime on radiant spires he rode ;
 When he to fair Olympia press'd,
 And while he sought her snowy breast :
 Then, round her slender waste he curl'd,
 And stamp'd an image of himself, a sov'reign of the
 world.

CHORUS.

The list'ning crowd admire the lofty sound,
 A present Deity! they shout around ;
 A present Deity! the vaulted roofs rebound.

AIR.

With ravish'd ears
 The monarch hears ;
 Assumes the God,
 Affects to nod :
 And seems to shake the spheres.

RECITATIVE.

The praise of Bacchus, then, the sweet musician sung,
 Of Bacchus, ever fair, and ever young :
 The jolly god in triumph comes ;
 Sound the trumpets, beat the drums :
 Flush'd with a purple grace,
 He shews his honest face ;
 Now give the hautboys breath ; he comes! he comes!

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AIR.

Bacchus, ever fair and young,
 Drinking joys did first ordain;
 Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
 Drinking is the soldier's pleasure:
 Sweet is pleasure after pain.

CHORUS.

Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
 Drinking is the soldier's pleasure;
 Rich the treasure,
 Sweet the pleasure,
 Sweet is pleasure after pain.

RECITATIVE.

Sooth'd with the sound, the king grew vain;
 Fought all his battles o'er again;
 And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew
 the slain:

The master saw the madness rise,
 His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;
 And while he heav'n and earth defy'd,
 Chang'd his hand, and check'd his pride.

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.

He chose a mournful muse,
 Soft pity to infuse.

AIR.

He sung Darius, great and good,
 By too severe a fate,
 Fallen from his high estate,
 And welt'ring in his blood.
 Deserted at his utmost need,
 By those his former bounty fed,

On the bare earth expos'd he lies,
Without a friend to close his eyes.

RECITATIVE.

With downcast looks the joyless victor sate,
Revolving in his alter'd soul,
The various turns of chance below,
And, now and then, a sigh he stole,
And tears began to flow.

CHORUS.

Behold Darius, great and good,
Fallen, well'ring in his blood;
On the bare earth expos'd he lies,
Without a friend to close his eyes.

RECITATIVE.

The mighty master smil'd to see
That love was in the next degree;
'Twas but a kindred sound to move,
For pity melts the mind to love.

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.

Softly sweet in Lydian measure,
Soon he sooth'd his soul to pleasure.

AIR.

War, he sung, is toil and trouble,
Honour but an empty bubble:
Never ending, still beginning;
Fighting still, and still destroying;
If the world be worth thy winning,
Think, O think it worth enjoying.
Lovely Thais sits beside thee,
Take the good the Gods provide thee.

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War, he sung, is toil and trouble,
Honour but an empty bubble :
Never ending, still beginning,
Fighting still, and still destroying ;
If the world be worth thy winning,
Think, O think it worth enjoying.
Lovely Thais sits beside thee,
Take the good the gods provide thee.

CHORUS.

The many rend the skies with loud applause ;
So love was crown'd, but music won the cause.

AIR.

The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gaz'd on the fair,
Who caus'd his care ;
Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again :
At length with love and wine at once oppress'd,
The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast.

CHORUS REPEATED.

The many rend the skies with loud applause ;
So love was crown'd, but music won the cause.

PART THE SECOND.

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.

NOW strike the golden lyre again;
 A louder yet—and yet a louder strain;
 Break his bands of sleep asunder,
 And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder.

CHORUS.

Break his bands of sleep asunder,
 And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder.

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.

Hark, hark!—the horrid sound
 Has rais'd up his head,
 As awak'd from the dead:
 And amaz'd he stares around.

AIR.

Revenge, revenge, Timotheus cries,
 See the furies arise,
 See the snakes that they rear,
 How they hiss in their hair,
 And the sparkles that flash in their eyes?

AIR.

Behold the ghastly band,
 Each a torch in his hand,
 These are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain,
 And, unbury'd, remain
 Inglorious on the plain.

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.

Give the vengeance due
 To the valiant crew:

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Behold how they toss their torches on high,
How they point to the Persian abodes,
And glitt'ring temples of their hostile gods!

AIR AND CHORUS.

The princes applaud with a furious joy;
And the king seiz'd a flambeau, with zeal to destroy.

Thais led the way,

To light him to his prey;

And like another Helen, fir'd another Troy.

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.

Thus long ago,

Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow,

While organs yet were mute,

Timotheus to his breathing flute,

And sounding lyre,

Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.

CHORUS.

At last divine Cecilia came,

Inventress of the vocal frame;

The sweet enthusiast from her sacred store,

Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,

And added length to solemn sounds,

With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.

RECITATIVE AND CHORUS.

Let old Timotheus yield the prize,

Or both divide the crown;

He rais'd a mortal to the skies,

She drew an angel down.

RECITATIVE.

Your voices tune, and raise them high,

'Till th' echo from the vaulted sky

The blest Cecilia's name ;
 Music to heav'n and her we owe,
 The greatest blessing that's below ;
 Sound loudly then her fame :

DUETTO.

Let's imitate her notes above,
 And may this evening ever prove,
 Sacred to harmony and love. }

CHORUS.

Your voices tune, and raise them high,
 'Till th' echo from the vaulted sky

The blest Cecilia's name ;
 Music to heav'n and her we owe,
 The greatest blessing that's below ;
 Sound loudly then her fame :

CHORUS.

Let's imitate her notes above,
 And may this evening ever prove,
 Sacred to harmony and love. }

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CHOICE OF HERCULES:
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RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.—PLEASURE.

SEE, Hercules! how smiles yon myrtle plain,
Where num'rous sparkling rills meand'ring
glide :

'Tis there I fix my jocund reign,

'Tis there my laughing train reside.

There smokes the feast, enhanc'd by music's sound,

Fittest to tune the melting soul of love;

Rich odours breathing choicest sweets around,

The fragrant bow'r, cool fountain, shady grove,

Thither thy happy footsteps will I lead,

Fresh flowers shall bind thy brow,

Fresh flowers shall strew thy bed.

AIR.

Come, blooming boy, with me repair;

To these ambrosial scenes of peace;

There bid adieu to noise and care,

Embalm'd in bliss, and wrapt in ease.

AIR.

There the brisk sparkling nectar drain,
Cool'd with the purest summer snows;
There, tir'd with sporting on the plain,
Beneath the woodbine shade repose;
There, as serene thou liest along,
Soft warbling voices, melting lays,
Shall sweetly pour the tender song
To love, or beauty's rapt'rous praise.

AIR.

While for thy arms that beauty glows,
That love awakes its purest fire,
And to each ravish'd sense bestows
All that can raise, or sate desire.

CHORUS.—ATTENDANTS ON PLEASURE.

Seize these blessings, blooming boy,
For all these blessings are thy own,
Be hail'd the rose-crown'd king of joy,
And reign on pleasure's downy throne.

RECITATIVE.—VIRTUE.

Away, mistaken wretch! away,
To baser ears go trill thy languid lay;
Go to thy revels, let the fools repair,
To such go smooth thy speech, and spread thy tempt-
ing snare.

AIR.

This manly youth's exalted mind,
Above thy grov'ling taste refin'd,
Shall listen to my awful voice:
His childhood, in its earliest rise,
Bespoke him gen'rous, brave, and wise,
And manhood shall confirm his choice.

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RECITATIVE.

Rise, youth, exalt thyself and me; approve
Thy high descent from heav'n, and dare be worthy
Jove.

AIR.

Go, assert thy heav'nly race,
Ev'ry danger boldly face;
Level pride's high plumed crest,
And bravely succour the distressed.

RECITATIVE.

In peace, in war, pursue thy country's good,
Bare thy bold breast for her, and pour thy gen'rous
blood.

CHORUS.—ATTENDANTS ON VIRTUE.

So shalt thou gain immortal praise,
The golden trump of fame
Its loudest notes shall raise,
And mid the gods enroll thy name.

RECITATIVE.—PLEASURE.

Hear'st thou what dangers then thou must engage?
Dangers that ill befit thy tender age;
That tender age, which was meant but to prove
The sweet vicissitudes of joy and love.

CHORUS.

Turn thee, youth! to joy and love,
Why, ah! why this fond delay?
Haste, these blissful meads to rove,
Gentle youth! ah, haste away.

RECITATIVE.

Short is my way, fair, easy, smooth and plain,
Turn, gentle youth, with me eternal pleasures reign.

THE CHOICE OF HERCULES.

AIR.—HERCULES.

Yet can I hear that dulcet lay,
 As sweet as flows the honey dew!
 Can I those wilds of joy survey,
 Nor wish to share the bliss I view?

AIR.—PLEASURE.

Enjoy the sweet Elysian grove,
 Seat of pleasure, seat of love;
 Pleasure that can never cloy,
 Love, the source of endless joy.

TRIO.

HER. Where shall I go?

PLEA. To yonder breezy plain,

There sweetly swim in pleasure's winding stream.

HER. Where shall I go?

VIR. To yonder lofty fane,

There brightly bask in virtue's radiant beam.

HER. Where shall I go?

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.—VIRTUE.

Mount, mount the steep ascent!

Obey my voice and live;

Let thy celestial birth

Lift and enlarge thy thoughts;

Behold the way that leads to fame,

And raises thee from earth immortal,

Lo! I guide thy steps, arise!

AIR.

Mount the steep ascent,

And claim thy native skies.

CHORUS.—ATTENDANTS ON VIRTUE.

Mount the steep ascent,

And claim thy native skies.

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RECITATIVE.—HERCULES.

The sounds breathe fire celestial, and impart
Immortal vigour to my glowing heart.

AIR.—HERCULES.

Lead; goddess, lead the way,
Thy awful pow'r supremely wise
Shall guide me with its sacred ray
To yonder lucid skies :
Shall lift me to the blest abode,
Crown'd with immortal youth,
Among the gods a god.

CHORUS.—ATTENDANTS ON VIRTUE.

Virtue will place thee in that blest abode,
Crown'd with immortal youth, among the gods a god.

HERCULES:

AN ORATORIO.

PART THE FIRST.

DEJANIRA, LYCHAS and CHORUS of TRACHENIANS.

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.—LYCHAS.

SEE with what sad dejection in her looks,
Indulging grief, the mournful princess sits;
She weeps from morning dawn to shades of night,
From gloom of night to redd'ning blush of morn:
Uncertain of Alcides' destiny,
Disconsolate his absence she laments.

AIR.—LYCHAS.

No longer fate relentless frown,
Preserve, great Jove, the hero's life;
With glory's wreath his actions crown,
And O restore him to his weeping wife.

AIR.—DEJANIRA.

The world, when day's career is run,
In darkness mourns the absent sun;

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So I, depriv'd of that dear light,
That warm'd my breast and cheer'd my sight,
Deplore in thickest gloom of grief,
The absence of the valiant chief.

RECITATIVE.—LYCHAS.

Princess, be comforted, and hope the best,
A few revolving hours may bring him back,
Once more to bless your longing arms.

DEJANIRA. Ah! no, impossible, he never will re-
turn.

LY. Forbid it heaven! and all ye guardian pow'rs
That watch o'er virtue, innocence, and love.

DEJAN. My son! dear image of thy absent sire,
What comfort bring'st thou to thy mother's ear?

HYLLUS. Eager to know my father's destiny,
I bade the priests with solemn sacrifice
Explore the will of heav'n; the altar smok'd,
The slaughter'd victim bled; when, lo! around
The hallow'd walls a sudden glory blaz'd;
The priest acknowledg'd the auspicious omen,
And own'd the present god: when in a moment
The temple shook, the glory disappear'd,
And more than midnight darkness veil'd the place.

LY. 'Twas dreadful all.

HYL. At length the rev'rend flamen,
Full of the deity, prophetic spoke:

AIR.—HYLLUS.

I feel the God, he swells my breast,
Before my eyes the future stands confest;
I see the valiant chief in death laid low,
And flames aspire from Ætna's lofty brow.

RECITATIVE.—HYLLUS.

He said; the sacred fury left his breast,
And on the ground the fainting prophet fell.

DEJ. Then I am lost! O dreadful oracle!
My griefs hang heavy on my lab'ring soul,
And soon will sink me to the realms of night;
There once again I shall behold my Hercules,
Or whirl the lance, or bend the stubborn bow,
Or to the list'ning ghosts his toils recount.

AIR.—DEJANIRA.

There in myrtle shades reclin'd,
By streams that thro' Elysium wind,
In sweetest union we shall prove,
Eternity of bliss and love.

RECITATIVE.—HYLLUS.

Despair not; but let rising hope suspend excess
Of grief, till I have learnt the certainty
Of my dear father's fate: to-morrow's sun
Shall see your Hyllus bend his pious steps,
To seek the hero through the travell'd globes,
If yet he lives, I will restore him to you,
Or perish in the search.

AIR.

Where congeal'd the northern streams,
Bound in icy fetters stand;
Where the sun's intenser beams
Scorch the burning Lybian sand;
By honour, love, and duty led,
With advent'rous steps I'll tread.

CHORUS.

O filial piety, O gen'rous love,
Go, youth inspir'd, thy virtue prove.

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CHORUS.

Immortal fame attends thee,
And pitying heav'n befriends thee.

RECITATIVE.—LYCHAS.

Banish your fears, Alcmena's god-like son
Lives, and from sack'd Œchalia,
Which his arms have levell'd with the ground,
Returns a conqueror.

DEJ. O joyful news! welcome as rising day
To the benighted world, or falling show'rs
To the parch'd earth! Ye lying omens hence;
Hence ev'ry anxious thought.

AIR.—DEJANIRA.

Begone my fears, fly hence away,
Like clouds before the morning ray;

My hero found,
With laurel crown'd;
Heav'n relenting,
Fate consenting;

Springing joys my fears controul,
And rising transports swell my soul.

RECITATIVE.—LYCHAS.

A train of captives, red with honest wounds,
And low'ring on their chains, attend the conqueror;
But, more to grace the pomp of victory,
The lovely Iole, Œchalia's princess,
With captive beauty swells the joyful triumph.

HYL. My soul is mov'd for the unhappy princess,
And fain, methinks, I would unbind her chains:
But say her father, haughty Eurytus?

LY. He fell in single combat by the sword of Her-
cules.

DEJ. No more; but haste and wait thy lord's arrival.

LY. How soon is deepest grief exchang'd for bliss.

AIR.—LYCHAS.

The smiling hours, a joyful train,
On silken pinions waft again
The moments of delight;
Returning pleasures banish woe,
As ebbing streams recruited flow,
And day succeeds the night.

CHORUS.

Let none despair, relief may come, tho' late,
And heav'n can snatch us from the verge of fate.

IOLE, and CECALIAN VIRGINS, led captive.

RECITATIVE.—IOLE.

Ye faithful followers of the wretched Iole,
Your bonds sit heavier on me than my own.
Unhappy maids! my fate has dragg'd you down,
Like some vast pile, that crushes with its fall
The neighb'ring domes, and spreads wide ruin round
it.

FIRST CECAL. You are our mistress still; alas,
Erastia!

Captivity, like the destroyer death,
Throws all distinctions down, and slaves are equal;
But if the gods relent, and give us back
To our lost liberty.

IOLE. Ah, me! how soon the flatt'ring hope is
ready

With his cordial! Vain expectation.
No; adieu forever ye smiling joys,

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And innocent delights of youth and liberty.
Severe remembrance.

AIR.—IOLE.

Daughter of gods, bright liberty !
With thee a thousand graces reign,
A thousand pleasures crown thy train,
And hail thee loveliest deity.
But thou, alas, hast wing'd thy flight,
The graces that surround the throne,
And all the pleasures with thee gone,
Remov'd forever from my sight.

RECITATIVE.—IOLE.

But hark, the victor comes.

MARCH.

HERCULES and ATTENDANTS.

RECITATIVE.—HERCULES.

Thanks to the powers above ! but chief to thee,
Father of gods ! from whose immortal loins
I drew my birth. Now my long toils are o'er,
And Juno's rage appeas'd : with pleasure now,
At rest, my various labours I review.
Æchalia's fall is added to my titles,
And points the rising summit of my glory.

(Turning to IOLE.) Fair princess, weep no more,
forget these bonds,

In Trachin you are free as in Æchalia.

IOLE. Forgive me, gen'rous victor ! if I sigh,
For my dead father, my friends, my country,
Will have its way ; I cannot yet forget
That such things were, and that I once enjoy'd
them.

HERCULES.

AIR.—IOLE.

My father! ah, methinks I see
The sword inflict the deadly wound;
He bleeds, he falls in agony,
Dying he bites the bloody ground.

AIR.—IOLE.

Peaceful rest, dear parent shade,
Light the earth be on thee laid;
In thy daughter's pious mind,
All thy virtues live enshrined.

RECITATIVE.—HERCULES.

Now farewell arms! From hence the tide of time
Shall bear me gently down to mellow age:
From war to love, I fly my cares to lose
In gentle Dejanira's fond embrace.

AIR.—HERCULES.

The god of battle quits the bloody field,
And useless hang the glitt'ring spear and shield,
While all resign'd to conquering beauty's charms,
He gives a loose to love in Cytherea's arms.

CHORUS.

Crown with festal pomp the day;
Be mirth extravagantly gay;
Bid the grateful altars smoke;
Bid the maids the youth provoke
To join the dance, while music's voice
Tells aloud our rapt'rous joys.

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PART THE SECOND.

IOLE AND CECALIAN.

RECITATIVE.—IOLE.

WHY was I born a princess, rais'd on high
To fall with greater ruin? Had the gods
Made me the humble tenant of some cottage,
I had been happy.

AIR.

How blest the maid ordain'd to dwell,
With sweet content in humble cell,
From cities far remov'd;
By murm'ring rills, on verdant plains,
To tend the flocks with village swains,
By ev'ry swain belov'd.

Tho' low, yet happy in that low estate,
And safe from ills which on a princess wait.

RECITATIVE.—DEJANIRA.

It must be so; fame speaks aloud my wrongs,
And ev'ry voice proclaims Alcides' falshood,
Love, jealousy, and rage, at once distract me.

IOLE. What anxious cares, untimely, thus disturb
The happy consort of the son of Jove?

DEJ. Insulting maid! I had indeed been happy,
But for the fatal lustre of thy beauty.

AIR.—DEJANIRA.

When beauty sorrow's liv'ry wears,
Our passions take the fair one's part,
Love dips his arrows in her tears,
And sends them pointed to the heart.

RECITATIVE.—IOLE.

Whence this unjust suspicion?

DEJ. Fame of thy beauty, so report informs me,
First brought Alcides to Œchalia's court;
He saw, he lov'd, he ask'd you of your father;
His suit rejected, in revenge he levell'd
The haughty town, and bore away the spoil.
But the rich prize, for which he fought and conquer'd,
Was Iole.

IOLE. Ah, no! it was ambition,
Not slighted love, that laid Œchalia low,
And made the wretched Iole a captive;
Report, that in the garb of truth disguises
The blackest falsehood, has abus'd your ear
With a forged tale; but, O let me conjure you,
For your peace of mind, beware of jealousy.

AIR.—IOLE.

Ah! think what ills the jealous prove,
Adieu to peace, adieu to love,
Exchang'd for endless pain;
With venom fraught the bosom swells,
And never-ceasing discord dwells,
Where harmony should reign.

RECITATIVE.—DEJANIRA.

It is too sure, that Hercules is false.

RECITATIVE.—LYCHAS.

My godlike master.

DEJ. Is a traitor, Lychas;

Traitor to Hymen, Love, and Dejanira.

LYCH. Alcides false, impossible!

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AIR.—LYCHAS.

As stars that rise and disappear,
Still in the same bright circle move,
So shines unchang'd thy hero's love,
Nor absence can his faith impair.
The breast where gen'rous valour dwells,
In constancy no less excels.

RECITATIVE.—DEJANIRA.

In vain you strive his falshood to disguise.

LYCH. This is thy work, accursed jealousy!

AIR.

Jealousy, infernal pest,
Tyrant of the human breast,
How from slightest causes bred,
Dost thou lift thy hated head;
Trifles light as floating air,
Strongest proofs to thee appear.

RECITATIVE.—HYLLUS.

She knows my passion, and has heard me breathe
My am'rous vows; but, deaf to the soft plea,
Rejects my offer'd love. See where she stands,
Like fair Diana, circled by her nymphs.

IOLE. Too well, young prince,
I guess the cause that this way leads your steps;
Why will you urge a suit I must not hear?
Love finds no dwelling in that hapless breast,
Where sorrow and her gloomy train reside.

HYLLUS. The stealing hand of all-subduing time,
May drive these black intruders from their seat,
And leave the heav'nly mansion of thy bosom
Serene and vacant to a softer guest.

IOLÉ. And think'st thou Iolé can ever love
The son of Hercules, whose arms depriv'd her
Of country, father, liberty? Impossible.

HYL. I own the truths that blast my springing
hopes;

Yet, oh! permit me, charming maid, to gaze
On those dear beauties that enchant my soul,
And view at least that heav'n I must despair to
gain.

IOLÉ. Is this, is this the son of Hercules,
For labours fam'd and hardy deeds of arms?
O Prince, exert the virtues of thy race,
And call forth all thy father in thy soul.

AIR.—IOLÉ.

Banish love from thy breast,
'Tis a womanish guest,
Fit only mean thoughts to inspire;
Bright glory invites thee,
Fair honour excites thee,
To tread in the steps of thy sire.

RECITATIVE.—HYLLUS.

Forgive a passion which resistless sways
Ev'n breasts immortal.

AIR.

From celestial seats descending,
Joys divine awhile suspending,
Gods have left their heav'n above,
To taste the sweeter heav'n of love;
Cease my passion then to blame,
Cease to scorn a godlike flame.

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CHORUS.

Wanton god of am'rous fires,
 Wishes, sighs, and soft desires,
 All nature's sons thy laws maintain;
 O'er liquid air, firm land, and swelling main,
 Extends thy uncontroul'd and boundless reign.

HERCULES AND DEJANIRA.

RECITATIVE.—DEJANIRA.

Yes, I congratulate your titles, swell'd
 With proud Cæchalia's fall; but, oh! I grieve
 To see the victor to the vanquish'd yield;
 How lost, alas! how fall'n from what you was,
 Your fame eclips'd, and all your laurels blasted.

HER. Unjust reproach! no, Dejanira, no!
 While glorious deeds demand a just applause.

AIR.—HERCULES.

Alcides name in latest story,
 Shall with brightest lustre shine,
 And future heroes rise to glory,
 By actions emulating mine.

RECITATIVE.—DEJANIRA.

O glorious pattern of heroic deeds,
 The mighty warrior whom not Juno's hate,
 Nor a long series of incessant labours,
 Could e'er subdue, a captive maid has conquer'd:-
 O, shame to manhood! O, disgrace to arms!

AIR.

Resign thy club and lion's spoils,
 And fly from war to female toils;
 For the glitt'ring sword and shield,
 The spindle and the distaff wield;

Thund'ring Mars no more shall arm thee,
 Glory's call no more shall warm thee,
 Venus and her whining boy
 Shall all thy wanton hours employ.

RECITATIVE.—HERCULES.

You are deceiv'd, some villain hath bely'd
 My ever faithful love and constancy.

DEJ. Wou'd it were so, and that the babbler fame
 Had not through all the Grecian cities
 Spread the shameful tale.

HER. The Priests of Jupiter
 Prepare with solemn rites, to thank the god
 For the success of my victorious arms;
 The ready sacrifice expects my presence;
 I go: meantime, let these suspicions sleep,
 Nor causeless jealousy alarm your breast.

DEJ. Dissembling, false, perfidious Hercules!
 Did he not swear, when first he woo'd my love,
 The sun should cease to dawn, the silver moon
 Be blotted from her orb, e'er he'd prove false?

AIR.—DEJANIRA.

Cease, ruler of the day to rise,
 Nor Cynthia gild the ev'ning skies,
 To your bright beams he made appeal,
 With endless night his falshood seal.

RECITATIVE.—DEJANIRA.

Some kinder pow'r assist me to regain
 His alienated love! and bring the wand'rer back;
 Ah! lucky thought, I have a garment dipt
 In Nessus's blood, when from the wound he drew
 The barbed shaft sent by Alcides hand,

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It boasts a wond'rous virtue, to revive
Th' expiring flame of love, so Nessus told me,
When dying to my hand he trusted it;
I will prevail with Hercules to wear it,
And prove its magic force. See the herald.

LYCH. Fit instrument to execute thy purpose.

DEJ. Lychas, thy hands shall to the temple bear
A rich embroider'd vest, and beg thy lord
Will instant o'er his manly shoulders throw
His consort's gift, the pledge of reconciliation.

LYCH. O, pleasing task! O, happy Hercules!

AIR.

Constant lover's never roving,
Never jealous torments proving,
Calm, imperfect pleasures taste;
But the bliss to rapture growing,
Bliss from reconciliation flowing,
This is love's sublime repast.

RECITATIVE.—DEJANIRA.

But see the Princess Iole; retire,
Be still, my jealous fears, and let my tongue
Disguise the torture of my bleeding heart.

RECITATIVE.—DEJANIRA *to* IOLE.

Forgive me, princess, if my jealous phrenzy
Too roughly greeted you; I see and blame
The error that misled me, to insult
That innocence and beauty.

IOLE.

Thanks to the gods,
That have inspir'd your mind with calmer thoughts,
And from your breast remov'd the vulture jealousy!

Live and be happy in Alcides love,
While wretched Iole—(*Weeping.*)

DEJ. Princess, no more, but lift those beauteous
eyes

To the fair prospect of returning happiness;
At my request, Alcides shall restore you
To liberty, and your paternal throne.

DUETTO.

DEJ. Joys of freedom, joys of power,
Wait upon the coming hour,
And court thee to be blest!

IOLE. What heav'nly pleasing sounds I hear,
How sweet they steal upon my ear,
And charm my soul to rest.

RECITATIVE.—DEJANIRA.

Father of Hercules, great Jove, succeed
This last expedient of despairing love.

CHORUS.

Love and Hymen, hand in hand,
Come restore the nuptial band;
And sincere delights prepare
To crown the hero and the fair.

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PART THE THIRD.

LYCHAS AND TRACHENIANS.

RECITATIVE.—LYCHAS.

YE sons of Trachin, mourn your valiant chief,
Return'd from foes, and dangers threat'ning
death,

To fall inglorious by a woman's hand.

FIRST TRACH. Oh! doleful tidings!

LYCH. As the hero stood prepar'd for sacrifice,
And festal pomp adorn'd the temple, these
Unlucky hands presented him, in Dejanira's name,
A costly robe, the pledge of reconcilment;
With smiles that testify'd his rising joy,
Alcides o'er his manly shoulders threw
The treach'rous gift; but when the altar's flame
With warmth began to dew his moisten'd limbs,
The clinging robe, by cursed art envenom'd,
Thro' all his joints diffus'd a subtle poison;
Frantic with agonizing pain, he flings
His tortur'd body on the sacred floor,
Then strives to rip the deathful garment off,
But with it, tears the bleeding mangled flesh:
His dreadful cries the vaulted roof returns.

AIR.—LYCHAS.

O scene of unexampled woe,

O sun of glory sunk so low,

What language can our sorrow tell?

Unhappy, gallant chief, farewell.

RECITATIVE.—SECOND TRACHENIAN.

O, fatal jealousy ! O, cruel recompence
Of virtue in severest labours try'd.

CHORUS.

Tyrants now no more shall dread,
On necks of vanquish'd slaves to tread,
Horrid forms of monstrous birth,
Again shall vex the groaning earth ;
Fear of punishment is o'er,
The world's avenger is no more.

HERCULES, HYLLUS, LYCHAS, *and* TRACHENIANS.

RECITATIVE AND AIR.—HERCULES.

O Jove ! what land is this, what clime accurst ?
By raging Phœbus scorch'd, I burn, I burn ;
Tormenting fire consumes me ; O I die !
Some ease, ye pitying pow'rs ;

I rage with more than Stygian pains,
Along my feverish veins,
Like liquid fire, the subtle poison hastes.
Boreas, bring thy northern blast,
And thro' my bosom roar,
Or Neptune kindly pour
Ocean's collected flood into my breast,
And cool my boiling blood.

HYL. Great Jove relieve his pain.

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.—HERCULES.

Was it for this unnumber'd toils I bore ?
O Juno, and Euristheus, I absolve ye,
Your keenest malice yield to Dejanira ;
Mistaken, cruel, treach'rous Dejanira !

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Megera fell,

O this curst robe, it clings to my torn sides,
And drinks my vital blood.

HYL. Alas! my father.

HER. My son! observe thy dying sire's request;
While yet I live, bear me to Æta's top;
There on the summit of that cloud-capt hill,
The tow'ring oak and lofty cypress fell,
And raise a funeral pile, upon it lay me;
Then fire the kindling heap, that I may mount
On wings of flame, to mingle with the gods.

HYL. O glorious thought, worthy the son of Jove.

HER. My pains redouble. O be quick, my son,
And bear me to the scene of glorious death.

HYL. How is the hero fall'n?

AIR.

Let not fame the tidings spread
To proud Æchalia's conquer'd wall;
The baffled foe will lift his head,
And triumph in the victor's fall.

RECITATIVE.—DEJANIRA.

Where shall I fly, where hide this guilty head?
O fatal error of misguided love;
O cruel Nessus! how art thou reveng'd?
Wretched I am, by me Alcides dies;
These impious hands have sent my injur'd lord
Untimely to the shades. Let me be mad,
Chain me, ye furies, to your iron beds,
And lash my guilty ghost with whips of scorpion.
See! see they come, Alecto with her snakes;
Megera fell, and black Tisiphone.

AIR.

See! see the dreadful sisters rise;
 Their baneful presence taints the skies.
 See the snaky whips they bear,
 What yellings rend my tortur'd ear;
 Hide me from their hated sight,
 Friendly shades of blackest night.
 Alas, no rest the guilty find,
 From the pursuing furies of the mind.

RECITATIVE.—DEJANIRA to IOLE.

Lo! the fair fatal cause of all this ruin!
 Fly from my sight, detested sorc'ress, fly!
 Lest my ungovern'd fury rush upon thee,
 And scatter thee to all the winds of heav'n.
 Alas, I rave, the lovely maid is innocent,
 And I alone the guilty cause of all.

IOLE. Tho' torn from ev'ry joy, a father's love,
 My native land, and dear-priz'd liberty,
 By Hercules' arms, still must I pity
 The countless woes of this unhappy house.

AIR.—IOLE.

My breast with tender pity swells
 At sight of human woe,
 And sympathetic anguish feels,
 Where'er heav'n strikes the blow.

The PRIEST of JUPITER, HYLLUS, and TRA-
 CHENIANS.

RECITATIVE.—PRIEST.

Princess, rejoice! whose heav'n-directed hand
 Has rais'd Alcides to the court of Jove.

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DEJAN. Speak, Priest, what means this dark mysterious greeting ?

That he is dead, and by this fatal hand,
Too sure, alas, my bleeding heart divines.

PRI. Borne by his own command to Æta's top,
Stretch'd on a fun'ral pile the hero lay,
The crackling flames surround his manly limbs;
When, lo! an eagle stooping from the clouds,
Swift to the burning pile his flight directs,
There lights a moment, then with speedy wing
Regains the sky: astonis'd we consult
The sacred grove, where sounds oracular,
From vocal oaks, disclose the will of Jove;
Here the great sire his offspring's fate declar'd:

ACCOMPANIED.

His mortal parts by eating fires consum'd,
His part immortal to Olympus borne,
There with assembled deities to dwell.

AIR.—LYCHAS.

He who for Atlas prop'd the sky,
Now sees the sphere beneath him lie;
In bright abodes of kindred gods,

A new admitted guest,

With purple lips,

Brisk nectar sips,

And shares th' ambrosial feast.

RECITATIVE.—DEJANIRA.

Words are too weak to speak the warring passions
That combat in my breast, grief, wonder, joy,
By turns-deject and elevate my soul.

PRIEST *to* IOLE. Nor less thy destiny, illustrious
maid !

Is Jove's peculiar care, who thus decrees :
Hymen, with purest joys of love, shall crown
Echalia's princess and the son of Hercules.

RECITATIVE.—HYLLUS.

How blest is Hyllus, if the lovely Iole,
Consenting ratifies the gift of heav'n.

IOLE. What Jove ordains can Iole resist.

DUETTO.—DEJANIRA.

O prince, whose virtues all admire,
Since Jove has ev'ry bar remov'd,
I feel my vanquish'd heart conspire,
To crown a flame by heav'n approv'd.

HYL. O Princess, whose exalted charms,
Above ambition fire my breast;
How great my joy to fill those arms,
At once with love and empire bless'd.

I ask no more, since now I find
All earthly good in thee combin'd.

DEJAN. I grieve no more, since now I see
All happiness restor'd in thee.

CHORUS.

To him your grateful notes of praise belong,
The theme of liberty's immortal song ;
Aw'd by his name, oppression shuns the light,
And slav'ry hides her head in depths of night ;
While happy climes to his example owe
The blessings that from peace and freedom flow.

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THE WORDS TAKEN FROM MILTON.

PART THE FIRST.

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.—L'ALLEGRO.

HENCE, loathed melancholy,
Of Cerberus and blackest midnight born,
In Stygian cave forlorn,
'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights un-
holy,

Find out some uncouth cell,
Where brooding darkness spreads his jealous wings,
And the night-raven sings;
There, under ebon shades and low-brow'd rocks,
As ragged as thy locks,
In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.—IL PENNEROSO.

Hence, vain deluding joys
Dwell in some idle brain,

And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,
 As thick and numberless
 As the gay motes that people the sun beams,
 Or likest hovering dreams,
 The fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train.

AIR.—L'ALLEGRO.

Come, come thou goddess fair and free,
 In Heav'n 'yclept Euphrosine,
 And by men, heart-easing mirth,
 Whom lovely Venus at a birth
 With two sister graces more,
 To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore.

AIR.—IL PENNEROSO.

Come, rather goddess sage and holy,
 Hail divinest melancholy,
 Whose saintly visage is too bright
 To hit the sense of human sight,
 Thee bright-hair'd Vesta long of yore,
 To solitary Saturn bore.

AIR AND CHORUS.—L'ALLEGRO.

Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
 Jest and youthful jollity,
 Quips and cranks, and wanton wiles,
 Nods and becks, and wreathed smiles,
 Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
 And love to live in dimple sleek;
 Sport that wrinkled care derides,
 And laughter holding both his sides:

AIR AND CHORUS.

Come, and trip it as you go,
 On the light fantastic toe.

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RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.—IL PENSEROSO.

Come, pensive nun, devout and pure,
Sober, steadfast, and demure,
All in a robe of darkest grain,
Flowing with majestic train.

AIR.

Come, but keep thy wonted state
With even step, and musing gait,
And looks commercing with the skies,
Thy wrapt soul sitting in thine eyes.

CHORUS.

Join with thee, calm peace and quiet,
Spare fast, that oft with gods doth diet.

RECITATIVE.—L'ALLEGRO.

Hence, loathed melancholy,
In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell;
But haste thee, mirth, and bring with thee
The mountain nymph, sweet liberty;
And if I give thee honour due,
Mirth admit me of thy crew.

AIR.

Mirth admit me of thy crew:
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreprieved pleasures free;
To hear the lark begin his flight,
And singing startle the dull night;
Then to come in spight of sorrow,
And at my window bid good-morrow.

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.—IL PENSEROSO.

First and chief on golden wing,
The cherub, contemplation, bring;

L'ALLEGRO, IL PENSEROSO,

And the mute silence hist along,
 'Less Philomel will deign a song,
 In her sweetest, sadest plight,
 Smoothing the rugged brow of night.

AIR.

Sweet bird that shun'st the noise of folly,
 Most musical, most melancholy!
 Thee, chauntress of the woods among,
 I woo to hear thy even' song;
 Or missing thee, I walk unseen
 On the dry smooth-shaven green,
 To behold the wandering moon,
 Riding near her highest noon.

RECITATIVE.—L'ALLEGRO.

If I give the honour due,
 Mirth admit me of thy crew.

AIR.

Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
 To listen how the hounds and horn,
 Cheerly rouse the slumb'ring morn,
 From the side of some hoar hill,
 Thro' the high wood echoing shrill.

AIR.—IL PENSEROSO.

Oft on a plat of rising ground,
 I hear the far-off curfew sound,
 Over some wide water'd shore,
 Swinging slow with sullen roar:
 Or if the air will not permit,
 Some still removed place will fit,
 Where glowing embers thro' the room
 Teach light to counterfeit a gloom.

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RECITATIVE.—L'ALLEGRO.

If I give the honour due,
Mirth admit me of thy crew.

AIR.

Let me wander not unseen
By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,
There the plowman near at hand
Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe,
And every shepherd tells his tale,
Under the hawthorn in the dale.

AIR.

Or let the merry bells ring round,
And the jocund rebecks sound,
To many a youth and many a maid,
Dancing in the chequer'd shade.

CHORUS.

And young and old come forth to play
On a sun-shine holiday,
Till the live-long day-light fail.
Thus pass'd the day, to bed they creep,
By whisp'ring winds soon lulld to sleep.

PART THE SECOND.

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.—IL PENSEROSO.

HENCE, vain deluding joys,
 The brood of folly without father bred,
 How little ye bested,
 Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys;
 Or let my lamp at midnight hour,
 Be seen in some high lonely tow'r,
 Where I may oft out-watch the Bear,
 With thrice great Hermes, or unsphere
 The spirit of Plato, to unfold
 What worlds, or what vast regions hold
 The immortal mind that hath forsook
 Her mansion in this fleshy nook.

AIR.

But, O sad virgin, that thy power
 Might raise Musæus from his bower,
 Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing
 Such notes as warbled to the string,
 Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
 And made hell grant what love did seek.

RECITATIVE.—L'ALLEGRO.

Thus night oft see me in thy pale career,
 Till unwelcome morn appear.

CHORUS.

Populous cities please me then,
 And the busy hum of men,
 Where throngs of knights and barons bold
 In weeds of peace high triumphs hold,

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With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
 Rain influence, and judge the prize
 Of wit and arms, while both contend
 To win her grace, whom all commend.

AIR.

There let Hymen oft appear
 In saffron robe, with taper clear,
 And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
 With mask, and antique pageantry,
 Such sights as youthful poets dream
 On summer eves by haunted stream.

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.—IL PENSEROSO.

Me, when the sun begins to fling
 His flaming beams, me, goddess, bring
 To arched walks of twilight groves,
 And shadows brown that Sylvan loves:
 There in close covert, by some brook,
 Where no profaner eye may look.

AIR.

Hide me from day's garnish eye,
 While the bee with honied thigh,
 That at her flow'ry work doth sing,
 And the waters murmuring,
 With such consort as they keep,
 Entice the dewy-feather'd sleep;
 And let some strange mysterious dream,
 Wave at his wings in airy stream
 Of lively portraiture display'd,
 Softly on my eye-lids laid;
 And as I awake, sweet music breathe,
 Above, about, or underneath,

Sent by some spirit to mortals good,
Or th' unseen genius of the wood.

AIR.—L'ALLEGRO.

I'll to the well-trod stage anon,
If Johnson's learned sock be on,
Or sweetest Shakespeare, fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild.

AIR.

And ever against eating cares,
Lap me in soft Lydian airs;
Soothe me with immortal verse,

Such as the meeting soul may pierce
In notes with many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out,
With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,
The melting voice through mazes running;
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony.

AIR AND CHORUS.

These delights, if thou can'st give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

RECITATIVE.—IL PENSEROSO.

But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloisters pale,
And love the high embowed roof,
With antique pillar, massy proof,
And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light.

CHORUS.

There let the pealing organ blow
To the full-voic'd quire below,

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In service high and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
Dissolve me into extasies,
And bring all heaven before mine eyes.

AIR AND CHORUS.

These pleasures, melancholy, give;
And I with thee will choose to live.

PART THE THIRD.

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.—IL MODERATO.

HENCE boast not, ye prophane,
Of vainly fancied, little tasted pleasure,
Pursued beyond all measure,
And by its own excess transform'd to pain.

AIR.

Come with native lustre shine;
Moderation, grace divine:
Whom the wise God of Nature gave
Mad mortals from themselves to save:
Keep, as of old, the middle way,
Nor deeply sad, nor idly gay,
But still the same in look and gait,
Easy, cheerful, and sedate.

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.

Sweet temperance in thy right hand bear,
With her let rosy health appear,
And in thy left contentment true,
Whom headlong passion never knew;

L'ALLEGRO, IL PENSEROSO,

Frugality by bounty's side,
 Fast friends, tho' oft as foes bely'd;
 Chaste love by reason made secure,
 With joys sincere, and pleasures pure;
 Happy life from heav'n descending,
 Crowds of smiling hours attending.

CHORUS.

All this company serene,
 Join to fill thy beauteous train.

AIR.

Come, with gentle hand restrain,
 Those who fondly court their bane,
 One extreme with caution shunning,
 To another blindly running,
 Kindly teach how blest are they
 Who nature's equal rules obey;
 With safety steer two rocks between,
 And prudent, keep the golden mien.

RECITATIVE.—L'ALLEGRO.

No more short life they then will spend
 In straying farther from its end,
 In frantic mirth and childish play,
 In dance and revels, night and day;
 Or else, like lifeless statues seeming,
 Ever musing, moping, dreaming.

AIR.

Each action will derive new grace
 From order, measure, time, and place;
 Till life the goodly structure, rise
 In due proportion to the skies.

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DUET.

As steals the morn upon the night,
And melts the shades away,
So truth does fancy's charm dissolve,
And rising reason puts to flight
The fumes that did the mind involve,
Restoring intellectual day.

CHORUS.

Thy pleasures moderation give,
In them alone we truly live.

APPENDIX.

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.

THERE held in holy passion still,
Forget thyself to marble, till
With a sad leaden downward cast,
Thou fix them on the earth as fast;
And join with thee calm peace and quiet,
Spare fast, that oft with gods doth diet,
And hears the muses in a ring
Round about Jove's altar sing.

AIR.

Far from all resort of mirth,
Save the cricket on the hearth,
Or the bellman's drowsy charm,
To bless the doors from nightly harm.

AIR.

Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,
While the landscape round it measures
Russet lawns, and fallows grey,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray.

AIR.

Sometimes let gorgeous tragedy
In scepter'd pall come sweeping by,
Presenting Thebes, or Pelop's line,
Or the tale of Troy divine;
Or what, tho' rare, of later age
Ennobled has the buskin'd stage.

AIR.

Orpheus himself may raise his head,
From golden slumbers on a bed
Of heap'd Elysian flow'rs, and hear
Such strains as would have won the ear
Of Pluto, to have quite set free
His half-regain'd Eurydice.

AIR.

May at last my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage;
The hairy gown and mossy cell,
Where I may sit and rightly spell,
Of ev'ry star that heav'n doth shew,
And ev'ry herb that sips the dew,
'Till old experience do attain
To something like prophetic strain.

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ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

THE WORDS BY DRYDEN.

RECITATIVE.

FROM harmony, from heav'nly harmony,
This universal frame began.

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.

When Nature, underneath a heap
Of jarring atoms lay,
And could not heave her head,
The tuneful voice was heard from high,
Arise, ye more than dead;
Then cold, and hot, and moist, and dry,
In order to their stations leap,
And music's power obey.

CHORUS.

From harmony, from heav'nly harmony,
This universal frame began;
Thro' all the compass of the notes it ran,
The diapason closing full in man.

AIR.

What passion cannot music raise and quell,
When Jubal struck the chorded shell,

His list'ning brethren stood around,
 And wond'ring on their faces fell,
 To worship the celestial sound;
 Less than a god, they thought there could not dwell,
 Within the hollow of that shell,
 That spoke so sweetly and so well.

AIR.

The trumpet's loud clangor
 Excites us to arms,
 With shrill notes of anger
 And mortal alarms,
 The double, double, double beat
 Of the thund'ring drum,
 Cries, hark! the foes are come;
 Charge, 'tis too late to retreat!

CHORUS.

The trumpet's loud clangor
 Excites us to arms,
 With shrill notes of anger
 And mortal alarms,
 The double, double, double beat
 Of the thundering drum,
 Cries, hark! the foes are come;
 Charge, 'tis too late to retreat!

AIR.

The soft complaining flute,
 In dying notes discovers,
 The woes of hopeless lovers,
 Whose dirge is whisper'd by the warbling lute.

AIR.

Sharp violins proclaim
 Their jealous pangs and desperation,

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Fury, frantic indignation,
Depth of pains, and height of passion,
For the fair disdainful dame.

AIR.

But, oh! what art can teach,
What human voice can reach,
The sacred organ's praise?
Notes inspiring holy love,
Notes that wing their heav'nly ways,
To join the choirs above.

AIR.

Orpheus could lead the savage race,
And trees unrooted left their place,
Sequacious of the lyre.

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.

But bright Cecilia! rais'd the wonder high;
When to her organ vocal breath was giv'n,

An angel heard,
And straight appear'd,
Mistaking earth for heaven.

SOLO AND CHORUS.

As from the power of sacred lays,
The spheres began to move,
And sung the great Creator's praise
To all the bless'd above;
So when the last and dreadful hour,
This crumbling pageant shall devour,
The trumpet shall be heard on high;

CHORUS.

The dead shall live, the living die,
And music shall untune the sky.

SEMELE:

A DRAMATIC PERFORMANCE.

THE WORDS ALTERED FROM CONGREVE.

Scene I.—Temple of Juno.

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.—PRIESTS.

BEHOLD, auspicious flashes rise,
Juno accepts our sacrifice,
The grateful odour swift ascends,
And she the golden image bends.

CHORUS OF PRIESTS.

Lucky omens bless our rites,
And sure success shall crown your loves,
Peaceful days and fruitful nights,
Attend the pair that she approves.

RECITATIVE.—CARNUS.

Daughter, obey,
Hear and obey

With kind consenting ease a parent's care,
Invent no new delay.

ATHANAS. O hear a faithful lover's pray'r
On this auspicious day.

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.—SEMELE.

Ah, me! ah, me! what refuge now is left me,
How various, how tormenting are my miseries.

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O Jove, assist me! Can Semele forego
Thy love, and to a mortal's passion yield!
Thy vengeance will o'ertake such perfidy.
If I deny, my father's wrath I fear—

AIR.—SEMELE.
O Jove! in pity teach me which to choose,
Incline me to comply, or help me to refuse.

AIR.—SEMELE.
The morning lark to mine accords his note,
And tunes to my distress his warbling throat;
Each setting and each rising sun I mourn,
Wailing alike his absence and return.

RECITATIVE.—INO.
See, she blushing turns her eyes,
See, with sighs her bosom panting,
If from love those sighs arise,
Nothing to my bliss is wanting.

AIR.
Hymen, haste, thy torch prepare,
Love already his has lighted,
One soft sigh has cur'd despair,
And more than my past pains requited.

RECITATIVE.—INO.
Alas! she yields, and has undone me,
I cannot longer hide my passion,
It must have vent, or inward burning will
Consume me. O Athamas! I cannot utter it.

ATHA. On me, fair Ino calls with mournful ac-
cent.
Her colour fading, and her eyes o'erflowing.
INO. O Semele,

SEN. On me she calls, yet seems to shun me;
What would my sister? Speak?

INO. Thou hast undone me.

QUARTETTO.

CADM. Why dost thou thus untimely grieve,
And all our solemn rites prophane,
Can he, or she, thy woes relieve,
Or I? Of whom thou dost complain?

INO. Of all; but all I fear in vain.

ATH. Can I thy woes relieve?

Can I assuage thy pain?

Of whom dost thou complain?

INO. Of all; but all I fear in vain.

*(Thunder is heard at a distance; and the fire is
extinguished on the Altar.)*

CHORUS OF PRIESTS.

Avert these omens, all ye pow'rs;
Some god averse our holy rites controuls,
O'erwhelm'd with sudden night the day expires,
Ill boding thunder on the right hand rolls,
And Jove himself descends in show'rs,
To quench our late propitious fires.

(Flames are re-kindled on the Altar.)

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.—CADMUS.

Again, auspicious flashes rise,
Juno accepts our sacrifice;
Again the sickly flame decaying dies,
Juno assents, but angry Jove denies.

RECITATIVE.—ATHAMAS.

Thy aid, pronubial Juno, Athamas implores.

SEN. Thee Jove, and thee alone, thy Semele adores.

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(A loud Clap of Thunder, the Altar sinks.)

CHORUS OF PRIESTS.

Cease, cease your vows, 'tis impious to proceed;
Begone, and fly this holy place with speed:
This dreadful conflict is of dire presage;
Begone, and fly from Jove's impending rage.

Scene II.—ATHAMAS AND INO.

RECITATIVE.—ATHAMAS.

O, Athamas! what tortures hast thou borne?
And, oh! What hast thou yet to bear,
From love, from hope, from near possession torn,
And plung'd at once in deep despair?

AIR.—INO.

Turn, hopeless lover, turn thy eyes,
And see a maid bemoan,
In flowing tears, and aching sighs,
Thy woes, too like her own.

RECITATIVE.—ATHAMAS.

She weeps! the gentle maid, in tender pity
Weeps to behold my misery; so Semele
Would melt to see another mourn.

AIR.—ATHAMAS.

Your tuneful voice my tale would tell,
In pity of my sad despair;
And with sweet melody compel
Attention from the flying fair.

RECITATIVE.—INO.

Too well, I see, thou wilt not understand me,
Whence cou'd proceed such tenderness?

Whence such compassion? Insensible ingrate!

Ah! no, I cannot blame thee,

For by effects unknown before,

Who could the hidden cause explore,

Or think that love could act so strange a part,

I plead for pity in a rival's heart.

ATH. Ah, me! what have I heard, she does her
passion own?

DUETTO.

INO. You've undone me,

Look not on me,

Guilt upbraiding,

Shame invading.

ATH. With my life I would atone,

Pains you've borne to me alone;

Cease to shun me,

Love alone has both undone.

Scene III.—Enter CADMUS attended.

RECITATIVE.—CADMUS.

Ah! wretched prince, doom'd to disastrous love!

Ah, me! of parents most forlorn;

Prepare, O Athamas, to prove

The sharpest pangs that e'er were borne;

Prepare with me our common loss to mourn.

ATH. Can fate or Semele invent

Another, yet another punishment?

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.—CADMUS.

Wing'd with our fears and pious haste,

From Juno's fane we fled;

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Scene IV.
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Scarce we the brazen gates had pass'd,
 When Semele around her head
 With azure flames was grac'd,
 Whose lambent glories in her tresses play'd;
 While this we saw, with dread surprise,
 Swifter than lightning downward tending,
 An eagle stoop'd of mighty size,
 On purple wings descending,
 Like gold his beak, like stars shone forth his eyes,
 His silver plumy breast with snow contending,
 Sudden he snatch'd the trembling maid,
 And soaring from our sight convey'd,
 Diffusing ever, as he less'ning flew,
 Celestial odour and ambrosial dew.

RECITATIVE.—ATHAMAS.

O, prodigy! to me of dire portent.

INO. To me, I hope, a fortunate event.

*Scene IV.—Enters to them CHORUS OF PRIESTS
 and AUGURS.*

RECITATIVE.—CADMUS.

See, see, Jove's priests and holy augurs come;
 Speak, speak of Semele and me; declare the doom.

CHORUS.

Hail! Cadmus! Jove salutes the Theban king,
 Cease your mourning,
 Joys returning,
 Songs of mirth and triumph sing.

AIR.

Endless pleasure, endless love,
 Semele enjoys above;

On her bosom Jove reclining,
Useless now his thunder lies;
To her arms his bolts resigning,
And his lightnings to her eyes.

CHORUS.

Endless pleasure, endless love,
Semele enjoys above.

PART THE SECOND.

Scene I.—A pleasant Country.

RECITATIVE.—JUNO.

IRIS, impatient of thy stay,
From Samos have I wing'd my way,
To meet thy slow return.

IRIS. With all his speed, not yet the sun
Thro' half his race has run,
Since I, to execute thy dread command,
Have thrice encompass'd sea and land.

JUN. Say, where is Semele's abode?

IRIS. Look where Citheron proudly stands,
Bœtia parting from Cecropian lands;
High on the summit of that hill,
Beyond the reach of mortal eyes,
By Jove's command and Vulcan's skill,
Behold a new-erected palace rise.

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AIR.—IRIS.

There from mortal cares retiring,
 She resides in sweet retreat,
 On her pleasure, Jove requiring,
 All the loves and graces wait.

RECITATIVE.—JUNO.

No more; I'll hear no more.

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.—JUNO.

Awake, Saturnia, from thy lethargy,
 Seize, destroy the curst aduress;
 Scale proud Citheron's top;
 Snatch her, tear her, in thy fury; and down
 To the flood of Acheron let her fall!

Rolling down the depths of night,

Never more to behold the light.

If I the imperial sceptre sway, I swear,
 Tremble thou universe this oath to hear,
 Not one of curst Agenor's race to spare!

RECITATIVE.—IRIS.

Hear, mighty Queen, while I recount
 What obstacles you most surmount.

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.—IRIS.

With adamant the gates are barr'd,
 Whose entrance two fierce dragons guard,
 At each approach they lash their forked stings,
 And clap their brazen wings;
 And as their scaly horrors rise,
 They all at once disclose,
 A thousand fiery eyes,
 Which never know repose.

AIR.—JUNO.

Hence, Iris, hence away,
 Far from the realms of day,
 O'er Scythian hills, to the Meotian lake,
 A speedy flight we'll take,
 There Somnus I'll compel,
 His downy bed to leave, and silent cell,
 With noise and light I will his peace molest;
 Nor shall he sink again to pleasing rest,
 Till to my vow'd revenge he grants supplies,
 And seals with sleep the wakeful dragon's eyes.

AIR.—(*Semele awakes and rises.*)

O, sleep! Why dost thou leave me?

Why thy visionary joys remove?

O, sleep! again deceive me,

To my arms restore my wand'ring love.

RECITATIVE.—SEMELE.

Let me not another moment bear
 The pangs of absence, since you have form'd
 My soul for loving, no more afflict me
 With doubts, and fears, and cruel jealousy.

AIR.—JUPITER.

Lay your doubts and fears aside,
 And for joys alone provide,
 Tho' this human form I wear,
 Think not I man's falshood bear.

RECITATIVE.—JUPITER.

You are mortal,

And require time to rest and to repose,
 I was not absent, while love was with thee
 I was present; love and I are one;

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AIR.—SEMELE.

With fond desiring,
 With bliss expiring,
 If this be love, not you alone,
 But love and I are one;
 Causeless doubting or despairing,
 Rashly trusting, idly fearing,
 With fond desiring,
 With bliss expiring,
 Panting, fainting;
 If this be love, not you alone,
 But love and I are one.

CHORUS.

How engaging, how endearing,
 Is a lover's pain and care,
 And what joy the nymphs appearing,
 After absence and despair.

RECITATIVE.—SEMELE.

Ah! me.

JUP. Why sighs my Semele?

What gentle sorrow swells thy soft bosom?
 Why tremble these fair eyes with interrupted light?
 Where, hov'ring for a vent amidst their humid fires,
 Some new-form'd wish appears? Speak and obtain.

SEM. At my own happiness I sigh and tremble,
 For I am mortal still, a woman ever;
 When you leave me, tho' encompass'd round
 With deities, of loves, and graces,
 A fear invades me,
 And, conscious of a nature far inferior,
 I seek for solitude and shun society.

(*JUP. apart.*) Too well I read her meaning, but
must not
Understand her aiming at immortality,
With dangerous ambition.

AIR.—JUPITER.

I must with speed amuse her,
Least she too much explain;
It gives the lover double pain,
Who hears his nymph complain,
And hearing must refuse her.

CHORUS,

Now love, that everlasting boy,
Invites to revel while you may,
In soft delights.

RECITATIVE.—JUPITER,

By my command—now at this instant
Two wing'd zephyrs from her downy bed,
Thy much-lov'd Ino bear,
And both together,
Waft her hither,
Through the balmy air.

SEM. Shall I my sister see,
The dear companion of my tender years?

JUP. See, she appears, but sees not me,
For I am visible alone to thee;
While I retire, rise and meet her,
And with welcomes greet her;
Now all this scene shall to Arcadia turn,
The seat of happy nymphs and swains,
There without the rage of jealousy they burn,
And taste the sweets of love without its pains.

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Scene II

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AIR.—JUPITER.

Where'er you walk, cool gales shall fan the glade,
 Trees where you sit shall crowd into a shade,
 Where'er you tread the blushing flowers shall rise,
 And all things flourish where'er you turn your eyes.

Scene II.—SEMELE and INO meet and embrace.

RECITATIVE.—SEMELE.

Dear sister, how was your passage hither?

INO. O'er many states and peopled towns we pass'd,
 O'er hills and valleys, and o'er deserts vast;
 O'er barren moors, and o'er unwholesome fens,
 And woods, where beasts inhabit dreadful dens;
 Thro' all which pathless way our speed was such,
 We stopt not once the face of earth to touch;
 Meantime they told me, while thro' air we fled,
 That Jove did thus ordain.

AIR.—INO.

But, hark! the heav'nly sphere turns round,
 And silence now is drown'd
 In ecstasy of sound;
 How on a sudden the still air is charm'd,
 As if all harmony where just alarm'd,
 And ev'ry soul, with transport fill'd,
 Alternately is thaw'd and chill'd.

DUETTO.—SEMELE AND INO.

Prepare, then, ye immortal choir,
 Each sacred minstrel tune your lyre,
 And all in chorus join.

CHORUS.

Bless the glad earth with heav'nly lays,
 And to that pitch the eternal accents raise,
 That all appears divine.

PART THE THIRD.

*Scene I.—The Cave of Sleep, the God of Sleep-lying
on his Bed.*

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.—JUNO.

SOMNUS, awake!

Raise thy reclining head.

IRIS. Thyself forsake,

Lift up thy heavy lids of lead.

AIR.—SOMNUS.

Leave me, leave me, loathsome light!

O, receive me, silent night!

Lethe, why does thy ling'ring current cease?

O, murmur me again to sleep.

RECITATIVE.—IRIS.

Dull god, canst thou attend the water-fall,

And not hear Saturnia call?

JUNO. Peace, Iris, peace! I know how to charm
him;

Pasithea's name alone can warm him.

Somnus, arise!

Disclose thy tender eyes;

For Pasithea's sight,

Endure the light:

Somnus, arise!

AIR.—SOMNUS.

More sweet is that name

Than a soft purling stream,

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With pleasure repose I'll forsake,
If you'll grant me but her to soothe me awake.

JUNO. My will obey, she shall be thine; thou
with

Thy softer pow'r first Jove shalt captivate:
To Morpheus then give orders, thy various ministers,
That with a dream, in shape of Semele,
But far more beautiful and more alluring,
He may invade the sleeping deity;
And more to agitate his kindling fire,
Still let the phantom seem to fly before him;
That he may wake impetuous, furious in desire,
Unable to refuse, whatever boon her coyness shall
require.

SOM. I tremble to comply.

JUNO. To me thy leaden rod resign,
To charm the centinels on Mount Citheron,
Then cast a sleep on mortal Ino,
That I may seem her form to wear,
When I to Semele appear.

DUETTO.

JUNO. Obey my will, thy rod resign,
And Pasithea shall be thine.

SOM. All I must grant, for all is due
To Pasithea, love, and you.

Scene II.—SEMELE alone.

AIR.

My racking thoughts by no kind slumbers freed,
But painful nights do joyful days succeed.

Scene III.—SEMELE in an Apartment. Enter JUNO as INO, with a Mirror in her Hand.

RECITATIVE.—JUNO.

(*Apart.*) Thus shap'd like Ino, with ease I shall deceive her,

And in this mirror she shall see
Herself as much transform'd as me.

(*To SEMELE.*) Do I some goddess see,
Or is it Semele?

SEM. Dear sister, speak, Whence this astonishment?

JUNO. Your charms improving to divine perfection,
Shew you were late admitted amongst celestial beauties;

Has Jove consented, and are you made immortal?

SEM. Ah! no; I still am mortal, nor am I
Sensible of my change, or new perfection.

JUNO. Behold in this mirror
Whence comes my surprise,
Such lustre and terror
Unite in your eyes,

That mine cannot fix on a radiance so bright,
'Tis unsafe for the sense, and too slipp'ry for sight.

SEM. O, ecstasy of happiness! celestial grace
I discover in each feature.

AIR.—SEMELE.

Myself I shall adore,
If I persist in gazing;
No object sure before,
Was ever half so pleasing?

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RECITATIVE.—JUNO.

Be wise as you are beautiful, nor lose
This opportunity; when Jove appears

All ardent with desire, refuse

His proffer'd flame,

Till you obtain

A boon without a name.

SEM. ————— Can that avail me?

But how shall I attain to immortality?

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.—JUNO.

Conjure him, by his oath, not to approach

Your bed in likeness of a mortal,

But like himself, the mighty Thunderer,

In pomp of majesty, and heavenly attire,

As when the proud Saturnia charms,

And with ineffable delights

Fills her incircling arms,

And pays the nuptial rites;

You shall partake then immortality,

And thenceforth leave this mortal state,

To reign above,

Ador'd by Jove,

In spite of jealous Juno's hate.

AIR.—SEMELE.

Thus let my thanks be paid,

Thus let my arms embrace thee,

And when I am a goddess made,

With charms like mine I'll grace thee.

RECITATIVE.—JUNO.

Rich odours fill the fragrant air,

And Jove's approach declare;

I must retire.

SEM. Adieu! your counsel I'll pursue.

JUNO. (*Apart.*) And sure destruction will ensue.
Vain, wretched fool, adieu!

Scene IV.—JUPITER *enters, offers to embrace SEMELE.*
She looks kindly on him, but retires a little from him.

AIR.—JUPITER.

Come to my arms, my lovely fair,
Soothe my uneasy care;
In my dream late I woo'd thee,
And in vain I pursu'd thee,
For you fled from my pray'r,
And bid me despair.

RECITATIVE.—JUPITER.

O Semele! why art thou insensible?

AIR.—SEMELE.

I ever am granting,
You always complain;
I always am wanting,
Yet never obtain.

RECITATIVE.—JUPITER.

Speak, speak, your desire,
Say what you require,
I'll grant it.

SEM. Swear by the Stygian lake.

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.—JUPITER.

By that tremendous flood I swear:
Ye Stygian waters hear,
And thou, Olympus, shake,
In witness to the oath I take.

RECITATIVE.—SEMELE.

You'll grant what I desire,

JUP. I'll grant what you require.

(Thunder at a distance.)

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.—SEMELE.

Then cast off this human shape which you wear,
And Jove since you are, like Jove too appear.

AIR.—JUPITER.

Ah! take heed what you press,
For beyond all redress,
Shou'd I grant your request,
I shall harm you.

AIR.—SEMELE.

No, no, I'll take no less,
Than all in full excess;
Your oath it may alarm you,
Yet haste and prepare,
For I'll know what you are:
With all your pow'rs arm you.

Scene V.—JUPITER, pensive and dejected.

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.—JUPITER.

Ah! whither is she gone, unhappy fair!
Why did she wish! Why did I rashly swear!

'Tis past, 'tis past recall,
She must a victim fall,
Anon when I appear,
The mighty Thunderer;

Arm'd with inevitable fire,
She needs must instantly expire;

My softest lightning yet I'll try,
 And mildest melting bolt apply;
 In vain, for she was fram'd to prove
 None but the lambent flames of love.

Scene VI.—JUNO alone.

AIR.—JUNO.

Above measure
 Is the pleasure,
 Which my revenge supplies;
 Love's a bubble,
 Gain'd with trouble,
 And in possessing dies.
 With what joy shall I mount to my heav'n again,
 At once from my rival and jealousy freed;
 The sweets of revenge make it worth while to reign,
 And heav'n will hereafter be heav'n indeed.

Scene VII.—SEMELE discovered lying under a Canopy.

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.—SEMELE.

Ah me! too late I now repent my pride
 And impious vanity; he comes! he comes!
 Far off his lightnings scorch me. Ah! I feel
 My life consuming; I burn, I burn,
 I faint; for pity I implore;
 O help! O help! I can no more.

Scene VIII.—CADMUS, ATHAMAS, JUNO, and

CHORUS of PRIESTS.

RECITATIVE.—JUNO.

If my ill-boding dream,
 Behold the dire event.

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Scene IX.—
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CHORUS.

O terror and astonishment!

CHORUS.

Nature to each allots his proper sphere,
 But that forsaken we like meteors err;
 Toss'd thro' the void by some rude shock we're broke,
 And all our boasted fire is lost in smoke.

RECITATIVE.—JUNO.

How I was hence remov'd, or hither how return'd,
 I know not; so long a trance withheld me:
 But Hermes in a vision told me,
 (As I have now related) the fate of Semele,
 And added, as from me he fled,
 That Jove ordain'd I Athamas should wed.

CAD. Be Jove in ev'ry thing obey'd.

ATHA. Unworthy of your charms, myself I yield;
 Be Jove's commands and your's fulfill'd.

AIR.—ATHAMAS.

Despair no more shall wound me,
 Since you so kind do prove;
 All joy and bliss surround me,
 My soul is tun'd to love.

RECITATIVE.—CADMUS.

See from above the bellying clouds descend,
 And big with some new wonder this way tend.

*Scene IX.—A bright Cloud descends and rests on MOUNT
 CITHERON, which opening, discovers APOLLO seat-
 ed in it as the God of Prophecy.*

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.—APOLLO.

Apollo comes to relieve your care,
 And future happiness declare:

From Semele's ashes a phoenix shall rise,
 The joy of this earth and delight of the skies;
 A god he shall prove more mighty than love,
 And sighing and sorrow for ever remove.

CHORUS.

Happy, happy shall we be,
 From care and sorrow free;
 Guiltless pleasures we'll enjoy,
 Virtuous love will never cloy;
 All that's good and just we'll prove,
 And Bacchus crown the joys of love.

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THEODORA:

AN ORATORIO.

PART THE FIRST.

Scene I.—VALENS and SEPTIMIUS.

RECITATIVE.—VALENS.

TIS Dioclesian's natal-day proclaims,
Throughout the bounds of Antioch, a feast
And solemn sacrifice to Jove;
Whoso disdains to join the sacred rites,
Shall feel our wrath in chastisement or death,
And this, Septimius, take you in charge:
Go, my faithful soldier, go;
Let the fragrant incense rise
To Jove, great ruler of the skies.

AIR.—VALENS.

Go, my faithful soldier, go;
Let the fragrant incense rise
To Jove, great ruler of the skies.

CHORUS.

And draw a blessing down,
On his imperial crown,
Who rules the world below.

RECITATIVE.—DIDYMUS.

Vouchsafe, dread sire, a gracious ear
To my request; let not thy sentence doom,
To racks and flames, all whose scrup'lous minds
Will not permit them, or to bend the knee
To gods they know not, or in wanton mood,
'To celebrate the day with Roman rites.

VAL. Art thou a Roman, and yet dar'st defend
A sect rebellious to the gods and Rôme?

DID. Many there are in Antioch who disdain
An idol off'ring, yet are friends to Cæsar.

VAL. It cannot be; they are not Cæsar's friends
Who own not Cæsar's gods: I'll hear no more.

AIR.—VALENS.

Racks, gibbets, sword or fire,
Shall speak my vengeful ire;
Against the stubborn knee,
Nor gushing tears,
Nor ardent pray'rs,
Shall shake our firm decree.

CHORUS OF HEATHENS.

For ever thus stands fix'd the doom,
Of rebels to the gods and Rome;
While sweeter than the trumpet's sound,
'Their groans and cries are heard around.

Scene II.—DIDYMUS and SEPTIMIUS.

RECITATIVE.—DIDYMUS.

Most cruel edict; sure thy gen'rous soul,
Septimius, abhors the dreadful task
Of persecution. Ought we not to leave

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The free-born mind of man still ever free?
 Since vain is the attempt to force belief,
 With the severest instruments of death.

AIR.—DIDYMUS.

The raptur'd soul defies the sword,
 Secure of virtue's claim;
 And trusting heav'n's unerring word,
 Enjoys the circling flame:
 No engines can a tyrant find,
 To storm the truth-supported mind.

RECITATIVE.—SEPTIMIUS.

I know thy virtues, and ask not thy faith;
 Enjoy it as you will, my Didymus;
 Tho' not a Christian, yet I own
 Something within declares for acts of mercy;
 But Antioch's president must be obey'd;
 Such is the Roman discipline, while we
 Can only pity whom we dare not spare.

AIR.—SEPTIMIUS.

Descend, kind pity, heav'nly guest,
 Descend and fill each human breast
 With sympathizing woe,
 That liberty and peace of mind,
 May sweetly harmonize mankind,
 And bless the world below.

Scene III.

RECITATIVE.—THEODORA.

Tho' hard, my friends, yet wholesome are the truths
 Taught in affliction's school; whence the pure soul
 Rises refin'd, and soars above the world.

THEODORA.

AIR.—THEODORA.

Fond, flatt'ring world, adieu
 Thy gayly smiling pow'r;
 Empty treasures,
 Fleeting pleasures,
 Ne'er shall tempt or charm me more.
 Faith inviting,
 Hope delighting,
 Nobler joys we now pursue.

RECITATIVE.—IRENE.

O bright example of all goodness,
 How easy seems affliction's heavy load,
 While thus instructed, and companion'd thus,
 As 'twere with heav'n conversing, we look down
 On the vain pomp of proud posterity.

AIR.—IRENE.

Bane of virtue, nurse of passions,
 Soother of vile inclinations,
 Such is prosperity thy name;
 True happiness is only found
 Where grace, and truth, and love abound,
 And pure religion feeds the flame.

CHORUS.

Come, mighty Father, mighty Lord,
 With love our souls inspire;
 While grace and truth flow from thy word,
 And feed the holy fire.

RECITATIVE.—MESSENGER.

Fly, fly my brethren, heathen rage pursues us swift.
 Arm'd with the terrors of insulting death.

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RECITATIVE.—IRENE.

Ah! whither should we fly, or fly from whom?
 The Lord is still the same, to-day, for ever;
 And his protection here, and ev'ry where.
 Still shall thy servants wait on thee, O Lord,
 And in thy saving mercy put their trust.

AIR.—IRENE.

As with rosy steps the morn,
 Advancing drives the shades of night,
 So from virtuous toils well borne,
 Raise thou our hopes of endless night,
 Triumphant Saviour, Lord of day,
 'Thou art the light, the life, the way!

CHORUS.

All pow'r in heav'n above, or earth beneath,
 Belongs to thee alone,
 Thou everlasting one,
 Mighty to save in peril, storm, and death.

RECITATIVE.—SEPTIMIUS.

Mistaken wretches! why thus blind to fate!
 Do ye in private oratorios dare
 Rebel against the president's decree,
 And scorn with native rites to celebrate
 The day sacred to Cæsar, and protecting Jove?

AIR.—SEPTIMIUS.

Dread the fruits of christian folly,
 And this stubborn melancholy;
 Fond of life and liberty,
 Chains and dungeons ye are wooing,
 And the storm of death pursuing,
 Rebels to the known decree.

RECITATIVE.—THEODORA.

Deluded mortals! Call it not rebellion
To worship God; it is his dread command,
His whom we cannot, dare not, disobey,
Tho' death be our reward.

SEP. Death is not yet thy doom,
But worse than death to such a virtuous mind;
Lady, these guards are order'd to convey you,
To the vile place a prostitute, to devote your charms.

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.—THEODORA.

O worse than death indeed! Lead me, ye guards,
Lead me, or to the rack, or to the flames;
I'll thank your gracious mercy.

AIR.—THEODORA.

Angels ever bright and fair,
Take, O take me to your care;
Speed to your own courts my flight,
Clad in robes of virgin white.

RECITATIVE.—DIDYMUS.

Unhappy crew!
Why stand ye thus wild with amazement?
Say, where is my love, my Theodora?

IRENE. Alas she's gone, too late thou cam'st to save
The fairest, noblest, best of women;
A Roman soldier led her trembling hence,
To the vile place where Venus keeps her court.

AIR.—DIDYMUS.

Kind heav'n, if virtue be thy care,
With courage fire me,
Or art inspire me,
To free the captive fair.

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On the wings of the wind will I fly,
With this princess to live, or this christian to die.

RECITATIVE.—IRENE.

O love, how great thy pow'r ! but greater still
When virtue prompts the steady mind to prove
Its native strength, and deeds of highest honour.

CHORUS.

Go, gen'rous, pious youth,
May all the pow'rs above
Reward thy virtuous love,
Thy constancy and truth,
With Theodora's charms,
Free from these dire alarms;
Or crown you with the blest,
In glory, peace, and rest.

PART THE SECOND.

RECITATIVE.—VALENS.

YE men of Antioch, with solemn pomp
Renew the grateful sacrifice to Jove,
And while your songs ascend the vaulted skies,
Pour on the smoking altars floods of wine,
In honour of the smiling deities,
Fair Flora and the Cyprian queen.

CHORUS.

Queen of summer, queen of love,
And thou, cloud-compelling Jove,

Grant a long and happy reign
To great Caesar, king of men.

AIR.—VALENS.

Wide spread his name,
And make his glory
Of endless fame
The lasting story.

RECITATIVE.—VALENS.

Return, Septimius; to the stubborn maid,
And learn her final resolution.
If e'er the sun with prone career has reach'd
The western isles, she deigns an offering
To the great gods, she shall be free; if not,
The meanest of my guards shall triumph o'er
Her boasted chastity.

CHORUS.

Venus, laughing from the skies,
Will applaud her votaries;
While seizing the treasure,
We revel in pleasure,
Revenge sweet love supplies.

Scene IV.—THEODORA in the Place of her Confinement.

RECITATIVE.—THEODORA.

O thou bright sun,
How sweet thy rays to health and liberty!
But here, alas!
They swell the agonizing thought of shame,
And pierce my soul with sorrows yet unknown.

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AIR.—THEODORA.

With darkness deep as is my woe,
 Hide me, ye shades of night;
 Your thickest veil around me throw,
 Conceal'd from human sight;
 Or come, thou death, thy victim save,
 Kindly embosom'd in the grave.

RECITATIVE.—THEODORA.

But why art thou disquieted, my soul?
 Hark! heav'n invites thee, in sweet rapt'rous strains,
 To join the ever-singing, ever-loving choir,
 Of saints and angels in the courts above.

AIR.—THEODORA.

O that I on wings could rise,
 Swiftly sailing thro' the skies,
 As skims the silver dove,
 That I might rest,
 For ever blest,
 With harmony and love.

RECITATIVE.—DIDYMUS.

Long have I known thy friendly social soul,
 Septimius, when side by side we fought,
 Dependant on each other's arm;
 With freedom then I will disclose my mind:
 I am a christian, and she
 With pure religious sentiments inspir'd
 My soul, with virtuous love inflam'd my heart.

SEP. No more;
 The shame reflects too much upon thy friend.

AIR.—SEPTIMIUS.

Tho' the honours that Flora and Venus receive
 From the Romans, this christian refuses to give;
 Yet not Venus nor Flora delight in the woe,
 That disfigures their fairest resemblance below.

RECITATIVE.—DIDYMUS.

O save her then, or give me power to save,
 By free admission to th' imprison'd maid.

SEP. My guard not less asham'd of their vile office,
 Will second your intent and pleasure me;
 I will reward them with a bounteous heart,
 And you, my friend, with all that heav'n can give
 To the sincerity of prayer.

AIR.

Deeds of kindness to display,
 Pity suing,
 Mercy wooing,
 Who the call can disobey?
 But the opportune redress,
 Virtuous beauty in distress,
 Earth will praise and heav'n repay.

Scene V.

RECITATIVE.—IRENE.

The clouds begin to veil the hemisphere,
 And heavily bring on the night; the last,
 Perhaps to us; O that it were the last
 To Theodora, ere she falls a prey
 To unexampled lust and cruelty.

AIR.—IRENE.

Defend her, heav'n, let angels spread
 Their viewless tents around her bed;

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Scene VI.—T
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Keep her from vile assaults secure,
Still ever calm, and ever pure.

Scene VI.—THEODORA'S Place of Confinement, DIDY-
MUS at a distance, the Vizor of his Helmet closed.

RECITATIVE.

Or lull'd with grief, or rapt her soul to heav'n,
In innocence of thought entranc'd she lies.

AIR.—DIDYMUS *approaching her*.

Sweet rose and lily flow'ry form,
Take me your faithful guard,
To shield you from bleak wind and storm;
A smile be my reward.

RECITATIVE.—THEODORA.

O save me heav'n! Is this my perilous hour?

DID. Start not, much injur'd princess! I come not
As one this place might give you cause to dread,

But your deliverer,

And that dear ornament to Theodora,

Her angel purity; if you vouchsafe

But to change habit with your Didymus.

THE. Excellent youth! I know thy courage, virtue,

And thy love; this becomes not Theodora,

But the blind enemies of truth. O thus

It must not be; yet Didymus can give

A boon will make me happy.

DID. How, or what?

My soul with transport listens to the request.

AIR.—THEODORA.

The pilgrim's home, the sick man's health,

The captive's ransom, poor man's wealth,

From thee I would receive,
And a thousand treasures more,
That gentle death has now in store,
Thy hand and sword can give.

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.—DIDYMUS.

Forbid it heaven!

Shall I destroy the life I came to save?
Shall I, in Theodora's blood embrue my guilty hands,
And give her death who taught me first to live?

RECITATIVE.—THEODORA.

Ah! what is liberty or life to me,
That Didymus must purchase with his own.
DID. Fear not for me, the pow'r that led me hither
Will guard me hence; if not, his will be done.

THE. Yes, kind deliverer, I will trust
That pow'r: farewell, thou gen'rous youth.

DID. Farewell, thou mirror of the virgin state.

DUETTO.—THEODORA.

To thee, to thee, thou glorious son of worth,
Be life and safety given.

DID. To thee, to thee, whose virtues suit thy birth,
Be ev'ry blessing giv'n.

BOTH. I hope again to meet on earth,
But sure shall meet in heav'n.

(IRENE with the Christians.)

RECITATIVE.—IRENE.

'Tis night, but night's sweet blessing is denied
To grief like ours; be prayer our refuge,
Prayer to him who rais'd, and still can raise
The dead to life and joy.

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CHORUS OF CHRISTIANS.

He saw the lovely youth death's early prey,
Alas, alas, too early snatch'd away!

He heard a mother's fun'ral cries,
Rise youth, he said, the youth begins to rise,
Lowly the matron bow'd, and bore away the prize.

PART THE THIRD.

Scene VII.—IRENE with Christians.

AIR.—IRENE.

LORD, to thee each night and day,
Strong in hope we sing and pray;
Tho' convulsive rocks the ground,
And thy thunders roll around.

(Enter THEODORA in the Habit of DIDYMUS.)

RECITATIVE.—IRENE.

But see the good, the virtuous Didymus;
He comes to join with us in prayer for Theodora.

(THE. *discovering herself.*) No, heav'n has heard
your prayers for Theodora;

Behold her safe: O that as free and safe
Were Didymus, my kind deliverer;

But let this habit speak the rest.

AIR.—THEODORA.

When sunk in anguish and despair,
To heav'n I cry'd, heav'n heard my pray'r,
And bade a tender father's care

The gen'rous youth employ :
 The gen'rous youth obey'd and came,
 All wrapt in love's divinest flame,
 To save a wretched virgin's fame,
 And turn her grief to joy.

AIR AND CHORUS.—IRENE.

Blessed be the pow'r who gave us,
 Freely gave his Son to save us ;
 Blest the Son who freely came,
 Honour blessing adoration,
 Ever from the whole creation,
 Be to God and to the Lamb.

CHORUS.

Blest be the hand, and blest the pow'r,
 That in this dark and dang'rous hour,
 Sav'd thee from cruel strife :
 Lord, favour still the kind intent,
 And bless thy gracious instrument
 With liberty and life.

RECITATIVE.—MESSENGER.

Undaunted in the court stands Didymus,
 Virtuously proud of rescued innocence ;
 But vain to save the gen'rous hero's life
 Are all intreaties ; ev'n from Romans vain :
 And, high enrag'd, the president declares,
 Should he regain the fugitive,
 No more to try her with the fears of infamy,
 But with the terrors of a cruel death.

IRE. Ah, Theodora ! whence this sudden change,
 From grief's pale looks, to looks of redd'ning joy ?

RECITATIVE.
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RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.—THEODORA.

O my Irene, heav'n is kind, and Valens,
 And Valens too is kind, to give me pow'r
 To execute in turn my gratitude,
 While safe my honour :—
 Stay me not, dear friend,
 Only assist me with a proper dress,
 That I may ransom the too gen'rous youth.

DUETTO.

IRE. Whither, princess, do you fly ?

Sure to suffer, sure to die.

THE. No, Irene, no ;

To life and joy I go.

IRE. Vain attempt. O stay, O stay !

THE. No, duty calls, I must away.

RECITATIVE.—IRENE.

She's gone, disdaining liberty and life,
 And ev'ry honour this frail life can give ;
 Devotion bids aspire to nobler things,
 To boundless love, and joys ineffable,
 And such her expectation from kind heav'n.

AIR.—IRENE.

New scenes of joy come crowding on,

While sorrow fleets away

Like mists before the rising sun,

That gives a glorious day.

Scene VIII.—VALENS to DIDYMUS.

RECITATIVE.

Is it a Christian virtue then,
 To rescue from justice one condemn'd ?

DID. Had your sentence doom'd her but to death,
I then might have deplor'd your cruelty,
And should not have oppos'd it.

VAL. Take him hence,
And lead him to repentance or to death.

THE. Be that my doom; you may inflict here
With legal justice; there 'tis cruelty.

SEP. Dwells there such virtuous courage in the sex:
Preserve them, O ye gods, preserve them both.

AIR.—SEPTIMIUS.

From virtue springs each gen'rous deed,
That claims our grateful prayer;
Let justice for the hero plead,
And pity save the fair.

AIR.—VALENS.

Cease, ye slaves, your fruitless prayer,
The pow'rs below
No pity know,
For the brave, or for the fair.

RECITATIVE.

(DIDYMUS to SEPTIMIUS.)

'Tis kind, my friends, but kinder still,
If for this daughter of Antiochus your pray'rs prevail,
That Didymus alone shall die.

(To THEODORA.) Had I as many lives as virtues
thou,

Freely for thee I would resign them all.

THE. Oppose not, Didymus, my just desires;
For know, that 'twas dishonour I declin'd, not death;
Most welcome now if Didymus were safe,
Whose only crime was my escape.

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AIR.—THEODORA.

Lost in anguish, quite despairing,
 Heav'n alone for virtue caring,
 Then the gen'rous youth did fly;
 Heav'n and love at once obeying,
 Nor from virtue ever straying;
 Blest this moment let me die.

CHORUS.

How strange their ends, and yet how glorious,
 Where each contends to fall victorious;
 Where virtue its own innocence denies,
 And for the vanquish'd the glad victor dies.

RECITATIVE.

(DIDYMUS to VALENS.)

On me your frowns, your utmost rage exert;
 On me your prisoner in chains.

THE. Those chains are due to me, and death to
 me alone.

VAL. Are ye then judges for yourselves?
 Not so our laws are to be trifled with;
 If both plead guilty, 'tis but equity
 That both should suffer.

AIR.—VALENS.

Ye ministers of justice lead them hence,
 I cannot, will not, bear such insolence,
 And as our gods they honour or despise,
 Fall they their supplicants or sacrifice.

RECITATIVE.—DIDYMUS.

And must such beauty suffer?

THE. Such useful valour be destroy'd?

SEP. Destroy'd, alas, by an unhappy constancy.

DID. Yet deem us not unhappy, gentle friend,
Nor rash, for life we neither hate nor scorn,
But think it a cheap purchase for the prize,
Reserv'd in heav'n for purity and faith.

DUETTO.—DIDYMUS.

Streams of pleasure ever flowing,
Fruits ambrosial ever growing,
Golden thrones,
Starry crowns,
Are the triumphs of the blest,
When from life's dull labour free,
Clad with immortality,
They enjoy a lasting rest.

THE. Thither let our hearts aspire,
Objects pure of pure desire,
Still increasing,
Ever pleasing,
Wake the song and tune the lyre,
Of the blissful holy choir.

(IRENE with the Christians.)

E're this their doom is past, and they are gone,
To prove that love is stronger far than death.

CHORUS OF CHRISTIANS.

O love-divine, thou source of fame,
Of glory and all-joy,

Let equal fire our souls inflame,
And equal zeal employ,

That we the glorious spring may know,
Whose streams appear'd so bright below.

THE
**TRIUMPH OF TIME AND
TRUTH:**

AN ORATORIO.

PART THE FIRST.

CHORUS.

TIME is supreme, a mighty pow'r,
Whom wisest mortals will adore.
(*BEAUTY looking in a Glass.*)

RECITATIVE.

How could I fix but here,
And stop old Time in his career.

AIR.—BEAUTY.

Faithful mirror, fair reflecting,
All my beauteous charms collecting,
Which I fear will soon decay;
Thou shalt flourish still in splendour,
While these glories I surrender,
Horrid Time's devoted prey.

RECITATIVE.—PLEASURE.

Fear not, I Pleasure swear,
That these charms you still shall wear,
Ever blooming, ever fair.

BEAU. Beauty thy slave this vow shall make,
 Sweet Pleasure never to forsake ;
 And if this vow I disregard,
 In pain and anguish,
 Let me languish,
 Fasting folly's due reward.

AIR.—PLEASURE.

Pensive sorrow, deep possessing,
 Life despoils of ev'ry blessing,
 Wrapt in shades of piercing woe ;
 Who indulges grief's sad passion,
 Sore vexation,
 Knows no joyful day below.

AIR.

Sorrow darkens ev'ry feature,
 As when o'er the face of nature
 Gloomy clouds their mantles throw ;
 Pleasure all around enlightens,
 Like the sun that gayly brightens
 Nature's landscape here below.

AIR AND SEMI-CHORUS.

Come live with Pleasure,
 Taste in youth life's only joy ;
 Old age knows no leisure,
 But dull wint'ry thoughts t' employ.

RECITATIVE.

(TIME to BEAUTY.)

Turn, look on me, behold old Time.

COUN. And, see Counsel, the son of Truth.

TIME. Who soon will show how frail a flower
 beauty is.

COUN. The blossom of a day that springs and dies.

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AIR.—COUNSEL.

The beauty smiling,
And sweet beguiling,
Soon drooping, dying,
Returns no more ;
The youth now blooming,
And still presuming,
Few moments flying,
Shall charm no more.

RECITATIVE.—PLEASURE.

Our diff'rent pow'rs we'll try, and see
Who now shall gain the victory,
Pleasure :

BEAU. Or Beauty :

TIME. Time :

COUN. Or Counsel.

AIR.—BEAUTY

Ever flowing tides of pleasure
Shall transport me beyond measure,
In this conflict with old Time ;
If he dares to despoil this choicest treasure,
Beauty blooming in its prime.

RECITATIVE.—TIME.

The hand of Time pulls down
The great colossus of the sun ;
The stone-built castle, cloud-capt tow'r,
And shall Beauty oppose my pow'r ?

AIR.—TIME.

Loathsome urns
Disclose your treasure,
Pride and pleasure

Unveil to me,
That I may see,
If now any spark of beauty still remains.
No, all dark as night;
Tyrant worms their prey enjoying,
Dust and ashes still destroying,
Which my greedy tooth disdains.

CHORUS.

Strengthen us, O Time! with all thy love,
Teach us the ways of wisdom.

CHORUS.

Then shall we teach thy ways unto the wicked,
And sinners shall be converted unto thee.

RECITATIVE.—DECEIT.

Too rigid the reproof,
You give too deep the search of truth;
Wise we will still in pleasure live,
And still enjoy,
Without annoy,
The proper fruits of youth.

AIR.—DECEIT.

Happy Beauty, who fortune now smiling,
With gay pleasure and sport, time beguiling,
Still enjoy the sweet April of life;
Come, indulge them, no doubts to perplex you,
Nor permit any sorrow to vex you,
But be free from all care and all strife.

AIR AND CHORUS.

Happy, if still they reign in pleasure,
All the sweets of youth caressing;
Happy, if slighting Time's dull measure,
They enjoy the present blessing.

RECITATIVE.—COUNSEL.

Youth is not rich, in time it may be poor,
Nor can he call his own the passing hour.

TIME. Hence let thy thoughts on frailty range,
And know that ev'ry day,

Some charm I make my lawful prey,
Tho' unperceiv'd the change.

PLEA. He best, he only life employs,
Who will not think how fast it flies.

COUN. Yet, e'er it is too late, give ear,
And this instructive lesson hear.

AIR.—COUNSEL.

Like the shadow, life ever is flying,
Seeming still fixt, so swift the delusion,
Man heeds no time, on hope still relying,
Soon the bell strikes, and all is confusion.

CHORUS.

Like the shadow, life ever is flying,
Seeming still fixt, so swift the delusion.

PART THE SECOND.

VERSE AND CHORUS.

PLEASURE submits to pain,
 As day recedes to night,
 And Sorrow smiles again,
 Time sets all things right.
 Thus are the seasons chang'd,
 And all in turn appear,
 In various order rang'd,
 Throughout the whole revolving year.

RECITATIVE.—PLEASURE.

Here Pleasure keeps her splendid court,
 Where all her devotees resort;
 And at her nod advance
 The costly feast, the carol, and the dance;
 Minstrels and music, poetry and play,
 And balls by night, and manly sports by day.

(Flourish of Horns.)

BEAU. Hark! What sounds are these I hear?

CHORUS.

O, how great the glory,
 That crowns the hunter's toil,
 Like Theseus fam'd in story,
 He triumphs in the spoil.

AIR.—PLEASURE.

Dryads, Sylvens, with fair Flora
 Come adorn this joyful place;
 Come, fair Iris, and Aurora,
 This our festival to grace.

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CHORUS.

Lo, we all attend on Flora,
To adorn this joyful place;
PLEA. Iris comes, with fair Aurora,
This your festival to grace.

AIR.

No more complaining,
No more disdaining,
See Pleasure reigning,
Without controul;
Still more delighting,
Sweetly inviting,
New charms exciting
The raptur'd soul.

AIR.

Pleasure's gentle zephyrs playing,
Bid thee sail without delaying,
And the port of bliss obtain;
Let not doubtful fear confound thee,
Taste the joys that now surround thee,
Nor let Pleasure smile in vain.

AIR.—BEAUTY.

Come, O Time, and thy broad wings displaying,
Strong essaying,
Sweep away,
Without delay,
The joyous pleasure of this sweet abode.
Lo! he sleepeth,
His strength no more prevailing,
No more his pow'r availing,
To destroy life's sovereign good.

AIR.—COUNSEL.

Mortals think that Time is sleeping,
When so swiftly unseen is sailing;

AIR.

But he comes, with ruin sweeping,
In his triumph never failing.

RECITATIVE.—TIME TO BEAUTY.

You hop'd to call in vain, but see me here,
These lower regions are my proper sphere;
Would you then dread no more my hated pow'r,
Prepare thee for a nobler flight,
Amid the realms of light;
Time cannot climb the blissful sky,
Nor follow immortality.

AIR.—TIME.

False destructive ways of pleasure
Leave, and court a nobler treasure
In the starry realms above;
Here though Folly's sons defy me,
Yet in vain they seek to fly me,
While through all the world I rove.

RECITATIVE.—COUNSEL TO BEAUTY.

Too long deluded you have been,
By Pleasure's false and flatt'ring dream;
Behold fair Truth, the heav'nly image see!
Not deck'd, but fairest in simplicity;
White robes of innocence she wears,
Her looks, her thoughts, turn'd to her kindred spheres.
TIME. Behold her faithful mirror too,
Presenting all things to your view,
By just reflection, be they false or true.

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AIR.—PLEASURE.

Lovely Beauty, close those eyes,
 Charming Beauty look not there,
 In that view all pleasure dies,
 In reflection's sure despair.

RECITATIVE.—DECEIT.

Seek not to know, what known will prove
 Grief more severe then slighted love.

AIR.—DECEIT.

Melancholy is a folly,
 Wave all sorrow,
 Till to morrow,
 Life consists in this present hour;
 This dear treasure we adore,
 With grateful ardour,
 Still employing,
 Still enjoying,
 The sweet moments in our pow'r.

RECITATIVE.—TIME.

What is the present hour? 'Tis born, 'tis gone,
 Think on the years already flown,
 Think when you'll see the bliss, but see in vain,
 Think on convicted Error's self-tormenting pain.

BEAU. No more; I know not where to turn,
 My heart's too sad to laugh, too gay to mourn.

AIR.

Fain would I two hearts enjoying,
 This in penitence employing,
 Freely that resign to joy.

RECITATIVE.—COUNSEL.

Vain the delights of age or youth,
 Without the sanction and applause of Truth,

And as the soul more bright appears
Than the frail earthly form she wears,
So much true pleasure from this glass,
All other sublunary joys surpass.

AIR.—COUNSEL.

On the valleys dark and cheerless,
From the mountain's summit fearless,
Soon you'll with contempt look down;
And these darling pleasures slighting,
In sublimer views delighting,
Disbelieve that choice your own.

RECITATIVE.—TIME.

Not venial error this, but stubborn pride,
To leave a sure and friendly guide,
Who seeing you bewilder'd stray,
Points out the short and easy way;
But, see the happy port before you lies,
And Time exhorts you to be wise.

BEAU. Darkly as through a cloud I see
The immense treasures of futurity;
But present joys my heart perplex,
That tho' inclin'd, I cannot fix,
To leave this scene for immortality.

COUN. Hear the call of truth and duty,
And to folly bid adieu;
Ere to dust is chang'd that beauty,
Change the heart and good pursue.

CHORUS.

Ere to dust is chang'd that beauty,
Change the heart and good pursue.

PART THE THIRD.

RECITATIVE.—DECEIT.

ONCE more I thee address,
 Regardful of thy happiness.

AIR.—DECEIT.

Charming Beauty,
 Stop the startling tear from flowing,
 All a-down the rosy cheek,
 Pleasure still new charms bestowing,
 Ever cheerful pleasure seek.

RECITATIVE.—BEAUTY.

Tempt me no more, your words give no relief,
 I know no pleasure but in virtuous grief.

AIR.—BEAUTY.

Sharp thorns despising,
 Cull fragrant roses,
 Why seek you pleasure,
 Mixt with alloy?
 Old age surprising,
 The scene soon closes,
 Life's only treasure,
 Life's to enjoy.

RECITATIVE.—COUNSEL.

Regard her not—

Unvalued here such tears may fall;
 But know, each tear will prove,
 A precious pearl in heav'n above.

BEAU. Soft and prevailing is thy yoke; alas!
 Too long, I've err'd, put forth the heav'nly glass.

128 TRIUMPH OF TIME AND TRUTH.

COUN. Behold it waits your view.

BEAU. Now, Pleasure, take my last adieu.

AIR.

Pleasure, my former ways resigning,
To Virtue's cause inclining,
Thee, Pleasure, now I leave;
Lest when my spirits fail me,
Repentance can't avail me,
Nor sickness comfort give.

CHORUS.

Comfort them, O Lord, when they are sick,
Make thou their bed in sickness.

CHORUS.

Keep them alive, let them be blessed upon the
earth,
And not deliver them unto the foe.

RECITATIVE.—BEAUTY.

Since the immortal mirror I possess,
Where Truth's reflective beauties glow;
Thee, faithless form, deluding glass,
Thee to thy native earth I throw.

PLEA. Ah! stay, forbear.

COUN. In vain you this prevention dare.

AIR.—COUNSEL.

Thus to th' ground, thou false, delusive,
Flatt'ring mirror, thee I throw;
Thou, who with vain art abusive,
Didst exalt each charming feature,
Far beyond the pride of nature,
Feigning happiness below.

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RECITATIVE.—BEAUTY.

O, mighty Truth! thy pow'r I see,
All that was fair seems now deformity;
This day, my pride shall from its height descend,
This day, my reign of vanity shall end.

ACCOMPANIED.—BEAUTY.

Adieu! vain world, in search of greater good,
I'll pass my days in sacred solitude;
'Tis fit the slave of vanity should dwell
In some sequester'd penitential cell.

AIR.—TIME.

From the heart that feels my warning,
Grateful are the tears that flow:
Pearly drops the flow'rs adorning,
Grace not more the dewy morning,
Nor such blessings can bestow.

RECITATIVE.—BEAUTY.

Pleasure, too long associates we have been,
Now share conviction from Truth's faithful scene,
Or to thy native darkness fly.

PLEA. As with Error I long have been dwelling,
I with Truth now can have no contentment:

AIR.—PLEASURE.

Like clouds, stormy winds them impelling,
Disdainful I fly with resentment.

AIR.

Hark, the thunders round me roll,
Truth's awful angry frowns I see;
Her errors wound my trembling soul,
Nor is there any joy for me;

130 TRIUMPH OF TIME AND TRUTH.

Ah! no, Truth drives me to despair,
Open ye rocks and hide me there.

RECITATIVE.—BEAUTY.

She's gone, and Truth descending from the sky,
Clad in bright beams its glorious light displays:

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.

O thither let me cast my longing eye,
And strive to merit the inspiring rays.

AIR.—BEAUTY.

Guardian angels! O protect me!
And in virtue's paths direct me,
While resign'd to heav'n above;
Let no more this world deceive me,
Nor vain idle passions grieve me,
Strong in faith, in hope, in love.

CHORUS.

Hallelujah!

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cry.—Holy
Heaven an
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TE DEUM:

COMPOSED IN THE YEAR 1743,

FOR

THE VICTORY AT DETTINGEN.

CHORUS.

WE praise thee, O God; we acknowledge thee
to be the Lord.

CHORUS.

All the earth doth worship thee, the Father everlasting.

SEMI-CHORUS.

To thee all angels cry aloud, the heav'ns and all
the powers therein.

CHORUS.

To thee Cherubim and Seraphim continually do
cry.—Holy, holy, holy Lord God of Sabbaoth,
Heaven and earth are full of the majesty of thy
glory.

QUARTETTO.

The glorious company of the Apostles praise thee.
The goodly fellowship of the Prophets praise thee.
The noble army of Martyrs praise thee.

TE DEUM.

CHORUS.

The holy Church throughout all the world doth
acknowledge thee the Father of an infinite Majesty.

CHORUS.

Thine honourable, true, and only Son; also the
Holy Ghost the Comforter.

AIR AND CHORUS.

Thou art the King of Glory, O Christ! Thou art
the everlasting son of the Father.

AIR.

When thou tookest upon thee to deliver man,
thou didst not abhor the virgin's womb.

CHORUS.

When thou hadst overcome the sharpness of
death, thou didst open the kingdom of heaven to
all believers.

TRIO.

Thou sittest at the right hand of God, in the glory
of thy father; we believe that thou shalt come to be
our judge.

CHORUS.

We, therefore, pray thee, help thy servants, whom
thou hast redeemed with thy precious blood.

CHORUS.

Make them to be number'd with thy saints in
glory everlasting: O Lord, save thy people, and
bless thine heritage; govern them and lift them up
for ever.

CHORUS.

Day by day we magnify thee; and we worship
thy name ever world without end.

Vouchsafed
sin: O Lord!
thy mercy

O Lord!
confounded

SOLO.

Vouchsafe, O Lord! to keep us this day without
sin: O Lord! have mercy upon us! O Lord! let
thy mercy lighten upon us, as our trust is in thee.

AIR AND CHORUS.

O Lord! in thee have I trusted, let me never be
confounded.

A GRAND JUBILATE:

COMPOSED IN THE YEAR 1713,

FOR

THE PEACE OF UTRECHT.

AIR AND CHORUS.

O BE joyful in the Lord all ye lands.

QUARTETTO.

Serve the Lord with gladness; and come before
his presence with a song.

DUETTO.

Be ye sure that the Lord he is God; it is he that
hath made us, and not we ourselves, we are his
people and the sheep of his pasture.

Q. OR CHORUS.

O go your way into his courts with thanksgiving;
and into his gates with praise; be thankful unto him,
and speak good of his name.

TRIO.

For the Lord is gracious, his mercy is everlasting,
and his truth endures from generation to generation.

CHORUS.

Glory be to the Father, glory be to the Son, and
to the Holy Ghost.

CHORUS.

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall
be, world without end, Amen.

ANTHEM

FOR THE

VICTORY AT DETTINGEN.

CHORUS.

THE king shall rejoice in thy strength, O Lord !
exceeding glad shall he be of thy salvation.

DUET AND CHORUS.

His honour is great in thy salvation ;
Glory and great worship shalt thou lay upon him.

CHORUS.

Thou shalt give him everlasting felicity :
Make him glad with the joy of thy countenance.

CHORUS.

And, why ? Because the king putteth his trust in
the Lord ;

And in the mercy of the Most Highest he shall
not miscarry.

CHORUS.

We will rejoice in thy salvation, and triumph in
the name of the Lord our God. Hallelujah.

ANTHEM

FOR THE

CORONATION OF GEORGE II.

CHORUS.

ZADOCK the priest, and Nathan the prophet,
anoointed Solomon king.

And all the people rejoiced, and said,
God save the king; Long live the king; May
the king live for ever, Amen, Hallelujah, Amen.

SECOND ANTHEM, FOR DITTO.

QU.

MY heart is inditing of a good matter, I speak
of the things which I have made unto the
king.

C. King's daughters were among thy honourable
women.

C. Upon thy right hand did stand the Queen in
vesture of gold.

And the king shall have pleasure in thy beauty.

CHORUS.

Kings shall be thy nursing fathers, and queens
thy nursing mothers.

THIRD ANTHEM, FOR DITTO.

C.

LET thy hand be strengthened, and thy right be
exalted.

CHORUS.

Let justice and judgment be the preparation of
thy seat; let mercy and truth go before thy face.

CHORUS.

Hallelujah.

AN

ODE, OR SERENATA,

FOR

THE BIRTH-DAY OF QUEEN ANN.

AIR.

ETERNAL source of light divine,
With double warmth thy beams display;
And with distinguish'd glory shine,
To add a lustre to this day.

AIR AND CHORUS.

The day that gave great Anna birth,
Who fix'd a lasting peace on earth.

AIR.

Let all the winged race with joy,
Their wonted homage sweetly pay;
Whilst tow'ring in the azure sky,
They celebrate the happy day.

CHORUS.

The day that gave great Anna birth,
Who fix'd a lasting peace on earth.

AIR.

Let flocks and herds their fears forget,
 Lions and wolves refuse their prey,
 And all in friendly consort meet,
 Made glad by this propitious day.

[*The Chorus repeated.*]

DUET.

Let rolling streams their gladness show,
 With gentle murmurs whilst they play;
 And in their wild meanders flow,
 Rejoicing in this blessed day.

[*The Chorus repeated.*]

DUET.

Kind health descend on downy wings,
 Angels conduct her on the way,
 Our glorious queen, new life she brings,
 And swells our joys upon this day.

[*The Chorus repeated.*]

AIR.

Let envy then conceal her head,
 And blasted faction glide away;
 No more her hissing tongues we'll dread,
 Secure in this auspicious day.

[*The Chorus repeated.*]

SOLO AND CHORUS.

United nations shall combine,
 To distant climes the sound convey,
 That Anna's actions are divine,
 This the most important day.

ANTHEM

FOR THE WEDDING OF

FREDERICK PRINCE OF WALES AND
THE PRINCESS OF SAXA-GOTHA.

CHORUS.

SING unto God ye kingdoms of the earth; O
sing praises unto the Lord.

SOLO.

Blessed are all they that fear the Lord; O well is
thee, and happy shalt thou be.

SOLO.

Thy wife shall be as the fruitful vine upon the
walls of thine house; thy children like the olive
branches round about thy table.

CHORUS.

Lo! thus shall the man be blessed that feareth
the Lord.

SOLO.

Instead of thy father, thou shalt have children,
whom thou mayest make princes in all lands.
Thy seed shall be mighty upon the earth,
And they shall inherit the land.

Lo, child
of the Lord
giant, even
is the man t

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Blessed b
lasting to ev

And let a
Lord, Halle

DUETTO.

Lo, children are an heritage and gift that cometh
of the Lord; like as the arrows in the hand of a
giant, even so are the young children. How happy
is the man that hath is quiver full of them.

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.

Blessed be the Lord God Almighty from ever-
lasting to everlasting.

CHORUS.

And let all the people say, Amen, Praise ye the
Lord, Hallelujah, Amen.

ANTHEM
FOR THE
FUNERAL OF QUEEN CAROLINA.

CHORUS.

THE ways of Zion do mourn, and she is in bitterness; all her people sigh and hang down their heads to the ground.

How are the mighty fallen, she that was great among the nations and princes of the provinces!

CHORUS.

She put on righteousness and it clothed her:
Her judgment was a robe and a diadem.

VERSE AND CHORUS.

When the ear heard her, then it blessed her;
And when the eye saw her, it gave witness of her.

CHORUS.

How are the mighty fallen, she that was great among the nations and princes of the provinces!

CHORUS.

She deliver'd the poor that cried, the fatherless,
and him that had none to help him.

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If there was any virtue, and if there was any praise, she thought on those things; kindness, meekness, and comfort were on her tongue.

CHORUS.

How are the mighty fallen, she that was great among the nations and princes of the provinces!

VERSE AND CHORUS.

The righteous shall be had in everlasting remembrance; and the wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament.

CHORUS.

Their bodies are buried in peace:

CHORUS.

But their name liveth evermore.

CHORUS.

The people will tell of their wisdom;

CHORUS.

And the congregation will shew forth their praise; their reward also is with the Lord; and the care of them is with the Most High.

QUARTETTO.

They shall receive a glorious kingdom; and a beautiful crown from the Lord's hand.

CHORUS.

The merciful goodness of the Lord endureth for ever on them that fear him; and his righteousness on childrens children.

ANTHEMS.

ANTHEM I.

CHORUS.

I WILL magnify thee, O God my king; and I
will praise thy name for ever and ever.

SOLO.

Every day will I give thanks unto thee, and praise
thy name for ever and ever.

CHORUS.

One generation shall praise thy works unto ano-
ther, and declare thy power.

SOLO.

The Lord preserved all them that love him; but
scatter'd abroad all the ungodly.

SOLO.

The Lord is righteous in all his ways, and holy
in all his works: he will fulfil the desire of them
that fear him.

SOLO.

Happy are the people that are in such a case;
blessed are the people who have the Lord for their
God.

CHORUS.

My mouth shall speak the praise of the Lord;
and let all flesh give thanks unto his holy name, for
ever and ever. Amen.

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ANTHEM II.

CHORUS.

LET God arise, and let his enemies be scatter'd.

CHORUS.

Let them also that hate him fly before him.

SOLO.

Like as the smoke vanishes, so shalt thou drive them before thee; like as wax melteth at the fire, so let the ungodly perish at the presence of God.

DUET.

O sing unto God, and sing praises unto his name.

CHORUS.

Blessed be God. Hallelujah.

ANTHEM III.

CHORUS.

LET God arise, and let his enemies be scatter'd.

Let them also that hate him flee before him.

SOLO.

Like as the smoke vanishes, so shalt thou drive them away; like as wax melteth at the fire, so let the ungodly perish at the presence of God.

ANTHEMS.

SOLO.

Let the righteous be glad, and rejoice before God; let them also be merry and joyful.

QUARTETTO.

O sing unto God, and sing praises unto his name.

DUET.

O sing unto God, and sing praises unto his name.

QUARTETTO.

Praised be the Lord!

CHORUS.

At thy rebuke, O God! both the chariot and horse are fall'n.

CHORUS.

Blessed be God! Hallelujah!

ANTHEM IV.

CHORUS.

HAVE mercy upon me, O God! after thy great goodness; according to the multitude of thy mercies do away my offences.

DUET.

Wash me thoroughly from my wickedness, and cleanse me from my sin.

RECITATIVE.

For I acknowledge my faults, and my sin is ever before me.

SOLO.

Against thee only have I sinned, and done this

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ANTHEMS.

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evil in thy sight; that thou mightest be justified in thy saying, and clear'd when thou art judged.

CHORUS.

Thou shalt make me hear of joy and gladness, that the bones which thou hast broken may rejoice.

SOLO.

Make me a clean heart, O God! and renew a right spirit within me; cast me not away from thy presence, and take not thy holy spirit from me; O give me the comfort of thy help again, and establish me with thy free spirit.

CHORUS.

Then shall I teach thy ways unto the wicked, and sinners shall be converted unto thee.

ANTHEM V.

CHORUS.

O Come, let us sing unto the Lord; let us heartily rejoice in the strength of our salvation.

Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving, and shew ourselves glad in him with psalms:

CHORUS.

For the Lord is a great God, and a great king above all gods.

SOLO.

O come, let us worship and fall down and kneel before the Lord our Maker; for he is the Lord our

God, we are the sheep of his pasture, and the work of his hands.

CHORUS.

Glory and worship are before him, power and honour are in his sanctuary.

CHORUS.

Tell it out among the heathen, that the Lord is king, and that he made the world so fast it can't be moved.

SOLO.

O magnify the Lord, and worship him upon his holy hill; for the Lord our God is holy.

SOLO.

The Lord preserveth the souls of the saints; he shall deliver them from the hands of the ungodly.

SOLO.

For look, as high as the heaven is in comparison of the earth; so great is his mercy towards them that fear him.

CHORUS.

Rejoice in the Lord, ye righteous.

There is sprung up a light for the righteous, and joyful gladness for such as are true-hearted.

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ANTHEM VI.

SOLO AND CHORUS.

O Sing unto the Lord a new song.
O sing unto the Lord, all the whole earth.

CHORUS.

Declare his honour unto the heathen, and his
wonders unto all the people.

CHORUS.

For the Lord is great, and cannot worthily be
praised, he is more to be feared than all gods.

SOLO.

The waves of the sea rage horribly, but yet the
Lord who dwelleth on high is mightier.

DUET.

O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness.

CHORUS.

Let the whole earth stand in awe of him.

CHORUS.

Let the heavens rejoice, and let the earth be glad,
let the sea make a noise and all that therein is.

ANTHEM VII.

SOLO AND CHORUS.

MY song shall be alway of the loving-kindness of the Lord; with my mouth will I ever be shewing thy truth from one generation to another. The heavens declare thy wondrous works, and thy truth in the congregation of the saints.

RECITATIVE.

For who is he among the clouds that shall be compared unto the Lord; and what is he amongst the gods that shall be like unto the Lord?

SOLO.

God is very greatly to be feared in the counsel of the saints, and to be had in reverence of all that are round about him. O Lord God of Hosts, who is like unto thee? Thy truth, most mighty Lord, is on every side.

TRIO.

Thou rulest the raging of the sea, thou stillest the waves thereof when they arise.

DUET.

The heav'ns are thine, the earth also is thine, thou hast laid the foundation of the round world.

CHORUS.

Righteousness and equity are the habitation of thy seat; mercy and truth shall go before thy face.

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SOLO.

Blessed is the people, O Lord! that can rejoice
in thee, they shall walk in the light of thy coun-
tenance.

CHORUS.

Thou art the glory of their strength.—Hallelujah.

ANTHEM VIII.

CHORUS.

AS pants the hart for cooling streams, so longs
my soul for thee, O God!

SOLO.

Tears are my daily food, while thus they say,
Where is now thy God?

SOLO.

Now, when I think thereupon, I pour out my
heart by myself; for I went with the multitude and
brought them out into the house of God.

CHORUS.

In the voice of praise and thanksgiving among
such as keep holy-day.

DUET.

Why so full of grief, O my soul? Why so dis-
quieted within me?

CHORUS.

Put your trust in God, for I will praise him.

ANTHEM IX.

SOLO.

THE Lord is my light and my salvation; whom then shall I fear? The Lord is the strength of my life; of whom then shall I be afraid?

CHORUS.

Though an host of men were laid against me; yet shall not my heart be afraid, though there rose up war against me, yet will I put my trust in him.

SOLO.

One thing have I desired of the Lord, which I will require, that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life; to behold the fair beauty of the Lord, and to visit his temple.

CHORUS.

I will offer in his dwelling an oblation with great gladness; I will sing and speak praises unto the Lord.

CHORUS.

For who is God but the Lord? Or who has any strength except the Lord? The earth trembled and quaked, the very foundations also of the hills shook and were removed, he cast forth lightnings and gave his thunder and destroyed them.

CHORUS.

They are brought down and fallen, but we are risen.

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CHORUS.

O praise the Lord with me, and let us magnify his name together.

SOLO.

The Lord is my strength and my shield, my heart has trusted in him and I am helped, therefore my heart danceth for joy, and in my song will I praise him.

SOLO.

It is the Lord that ruleth the sea, the Lord sitteth above the water flood, and the Lord remaineth a king for ever.

CHORUS.

Sing praises unto the Lord, O ye saints of his, and give thanks unto him for a remembrance of his holiness.

CHORUS.

I will remember thy name from one generation to another, therefore shall the people give thanks unto thee, world without end. Amen.

ANTHEM X.

CHORUS.

IN the Lord put I my trust, how say you then to
my soul, she shall flee as a bird unto the hill?

SOLO.

God is a constant sure defence
Against oppressing rage,
As troubles rise his needful aids
In our behalf engage.

CHORUS.

Behold the wicked bend their bow,
And ready fix their dart,
Lurking in ambush to destroy
The man of upright heart.

SOLO.

But God who hears the suff'ring poor,
And their oppression knows,
Will soon arise and give them rest,
In spite of all their foes.

CHORUS.

Snares, fire, and brimstone on their heads,
Shall in one tempest show'r;
This dreadful mixture his revenge
Into their cup shall pour.

SOLO.

The righteous Lord will righteous deeds
With signal favour grace,
And to the upright man disclose
The brightness of his face.

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CHORUS.

Then shall my song, with praise inspir'd,
To thee my God ascend,
Who to thy servants in distress,
Such bounty didst extend.

ANTHEM XI.

CHORUS.

O Praise the Lord with one consent,
And magnify his name,
Let all the servants of the Lord
His worthy praise proclaim.

SOLO.

Praise him all ye that in his house
Attend with constant care,
With those that to his utmost court
With humble zeal repair.

SOLO.

For this our honest interest is,
Glad hymns of praise to sing;
And with loud songs to bless his name,
A most delightful thing.

SOLO.

That God is great we often have
By glad experience found,
And seen how he with wondrous pow'r,
Above all gods is crown'd.

ANTHEMS.

CHORUS.

With cheerful notes let all the earth
 To heav'n their voices raise,
 Let all inspir'd with godly mirth,
 Sing solemn hymns of praise.

SOLO.

God's tender mercy knows no bounds,
 His truth shall ne'er decay,
 Then let the willing nations round,
 Their grateful tribute pay.

CHORUS.

Ye boundless realms of joy,
 Exalt your Maker's fame,
 His praise your song employ
 Above the starry frame.

CHORUS.

Your voices raise,
 Ye Cherubim,
 And Seraphim,
 To sing his praise.
 Hallelujah.

ANTHEM XII.

CHORUS.

O Praise the Lord, ye angels of his; ye that excel
 in strength, praise the Lord; ye that fulfil his
 commandments, and hearken to the voice of his
 words, O praise the Lord.

SOLO.

O praise the Lord! all ye his hosts, ye servants of his that do his pleasure.

RECITATIVE.

For as the heav'n is high above the earth,

SOLO.

So great is his mercy towards them that fear him; like as a father pitieth his own children, even so the Lord is merciful to them that fear him.

DUET.

The merciful goodness of the Lord endureth for ever upon them that fear him; and his righteousness upon children's children.

SOLO.

The Lord hath been mindful of us, and he shall bless us, even he shall bless the house of Israel, he shall bless the house of Aaron.

CHORUS.

My mouth shall speak the praise of the Lord, and let all flesh give thanks unto his holy name for ever and ever.—Hallelujah, Amen.

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O praise the Lord, all ye his hosts, ye angels

and ye that do his bidding, ye mighty

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PART

Overture.

Recit. Acc. C.

Air. Ev'ry V.

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Recit. Acc. F.

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Symphony.

Recit. There

Air. And lo

Recit. Acc. A.

Recit. Acc. A.

Cho. Glory to

Air. Rejoice

Recit. Then

Air. He shal

Cho. His yok

PART

Cho. Behold

Air. He was

Cho. Surely!

Cho. All we

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